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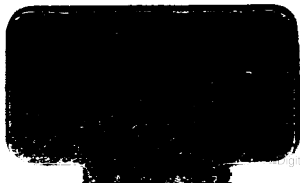
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*Painted by J. Northcote, R. A.*

*Engraved by B. Reading.*

**KING RICHARD III**

*Act 3. Scene 1.*

*The two Princes, Dukes of Gloster and Buckingham, etc.*

*First Published by J. & J. Boydell, Shakspeare Gallery, London.*

THE  
FISH  
FROM THE  
FISH-BASED

NEW YORK:  
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# THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.

## KING RICHARD III

WITH "THE TRAGEDIE OF  
RICHARD DUKE OF YORKE,"  
ETC, UPON WHICH SHAKESPEARE  
BASED HIS PLAY

NEW YORK:  
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## INTRODUCTION.

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KING RICHARD THE THIRD completes the Civil War series of the Three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, and is probably the earliest historical play of which Shakespeare alone was the author. There was an older play of which Shakespeare made no use, entitled "*The True Tragedy of Richard the Third* : wherein is shown the death of Edward the Fourth, with the smothering of the two young Princes in the Tower : with a lamentable end of Shore's wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly, the conjunction and joining of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and York. As it was played by the Queen's Majesty's Players." This old piece was first printed in 1594, and was then evidently of older date. It has been suggested that as it includes references to contemporary events, and does not refer to the Spanish Armada, the play must have been written before 1588. Its form certainly indicates an undeveloped state of the drama, and it has interest of its own as one of the earliest historical plays in our printed literature. For that reason, and for contrast with Shakespeare's play on the same subject, room shall be found for it after *Titus Andronicus*. The

present volume has to contain the completion of *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, the ground-work of Shakespeare's Third Part of *King Henry VI.* There was also a Latin play on *Richard III.* by Dr. Legge, acted at Cambridge before 1583, which has no likeness to Shakespeare's.

Of Shakespeare's *Richard III.* there are four quartos, each giving it "as it hath been lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants." The title in each is the same—"The Tragedy of King Richard the Third. Containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence : the pitiful murder of his innocent Nephewes : his tyrannicall vsurpation : with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death." The first quarto, dated in 1597, was printed by Valentine Sims for Andrew Wise. The second quarto, dated in 1598, was printed by Thomas Creede for Andrew Wise. So was the third quarto, dated in 1602. The fourth quarto, dated in 1605, was printed by Thomas Creede, and sold by Matthew Lowe, to whom the play had been assigned on the 27th of June, 1603. The next edition was that of the first folio of 1623. But there were afterwards at least three more reprints of the quartos, namely, in 1624, 1629, and 1634.

The first actor of the part of Richard III. was Richard, one of the two sons of James Burbage. James Burbage was head of the company of actors,

servants of the Earl of Leicester, by whom the first theatre was built. His son Richard had begun to act in or before 1588. He may have been about three years younger than Shakespeare, and the plays of Shakespeare gave him an opportunity for full use of his genius as an actor. An elegy upon Burbage's death—which was two years later than Shakespeare's—speaks of his Richard III, his Hamlet, Romeo, Macbeth, Shylock. He was small of stature, but, says the elegy:—

“What a wide world was in that little space !  
Thyself a world—the Globe thy fittest place.  
Thy stature small, but every thought and mood  
Might thoroughly from thy face be understood ;  
And his whole action he could change with ease  
From ancient Lear to youthful Pericles.”

Corbet tells in his *Iter Boreale* how his host at Leicester turned Richard III. into Richard Burbage, for

“When he would have said ‘King Richard’ died,  
And called, ‘A horse ! a horse !’ he ‘Burbage’ cried.”

The great success of the play was in part due, no doubt, to Burbage's acting ; and the part of Richard gives such wide range for the illustration of an actor's power, that *Richard III.* has had unusual vitality upon the stage.

A play is to an actor welcome or unwelcome as it does or does not enable him to show the glory



of his art. Richard III., who is the nearest approach made by Shakespeare to the suggestion of an incarnate spirit of evil, is gifted in large measure with that which Spenser made the chief attribute of Archimago—the Devil, Father of Wiles—Hypocrisy. Shakespeare's Richard wears many masks, and every change makes a new call on the powers of the actor.

Although much in the general aspect of this play allies it to the earlier Elizabethan drama, the clearness with which Shakespeare shows all its parts from his own chosen point of sight, at once brings it within the range of Shakespeare's higher work. If he did not himself write some lines of the last speech of Gloster in the Third Part of *King Henry VI.*—as I believe he did, although the lines occur in the *True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York*—he fastened upon them, and drew from them the main idea of his tragedy of *Richard III.*, that was to close the sequence of these Civil War plays with the Union of the White Rose and the Red.

“I have no brother,” said Richard—

“I have no brother ; I am like no brother ;

visitings of Nature, no regard for God or a man's Neighbour, stays the course of action in a life entirely bent on the aggrandisement of Self. Richard's one object of desire is to attain the Crown. Whatever may to other men be dear or sacred is to him nothing, if it be not matter to his purpose. If it concern him, then he plays upon it with hypocrisy to gain some step towards his end, or makes his way over its ruin.

I Of the First Act, Richard's murder of his brother Clarence is the theme. In asides and soliloquies we hear him thinking. In them he triumphs over those whom he betrays, and we have disclosed the hard features beneath his mask. Contrasted changes in the form of his hypocrisy show him first false to his brother, then false in his courtship to the Lady Anne, whom he wins by soft flattery, and mocks within himself, when he has won her, with a devil's scorn. Then in the scene at the palace, the mask of the smooth suitor has a contrast in a new form of hypocrisy ; he takes the face and voice of the bluff, honest, ill-used man, "too childish-foolish for this world." Use is then made of Queen Margaret as a Cassandra, and her prophecies of ill for ill, in fullest retribution, are as a Fate that dominates throughout the later action of the play. Then follows in the murder of the brother the destruction of one bar between Richard and the throne.

II The Second Act has for chief theme the death

of Edward IV., which brings Richard closer to his single object of desire—the Crown. False peace, with malice in its words, falsehood in other forms, cloaked with hypocrisy—to the children, to his mother, to Buckingham, his friend—show Richard full of danger, as the citizens believe who speak of Edward's death. Says one of them :—

“ By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing danger ; as, by proof, we see  
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.—  
But leave it all to God.”

In the Third Act the throne is won by murder and hypocrisy. Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan are swept away. Hastings, triumphing in their fate, blindly meets his own. Religion is the last cloak worn to win the Crown.

In the Fourth Act, since Edward's children live, the cup of iniquity is filled full by the usurper's murder of the children. The Act is opened with the tender wail of women, and there comes with it

sure the holding of the Crown ; to which end, therefore, he is also preparing to destroy his wife Anne. The reader's mind is filled with the pity of the murder of the children. Then Margaret is again upon the scene, the wail of women is renewed, the day of retribution is at hand. As Richard marches to meet Richmond, the wail of the women rises to a curse, and the close of it is the curse of his mother.

When Richard, after this, uses his cloak of hypocrisy to secure his desired union with the young Princess Elizabeth, and succeeds in the temptation of her mother, he can swear to his sincerity by nothing that he had not dishonoured and profaned :—

*K. Rich.* Now, by the world——

*Q. Eliz.* 'T is full of thy foul wrongs.

*K. Rich.* My father's death——

*Q. Eliz.* Thy life hath that dishonoured.

*K. Rich.* Then, by MYSELF.

*Q. Eliz.* **THYSELF IS SELF MISUSED."**

V In the Fifth Act, which fulfils Margaret's curse, and brings home full retribution, when the two tents of Richard and Richmond are shown side by side (Richard committing himself to his earthly guards, and Richmond committing himself, before he sleeps, in prayer to God), again the motive of the play has vigorous expression. Richard, awaking in fear from his tortured sleep, exclaims :—

"What, do I fear myself? There's none else by.

RICHARD LOVES RICHARD, THAT IS I AM I."

Richmond, in exhorting his men before the fight says :—

"God and our good cause fight upon our side."

Richard has no such note in exhortation. He says :—

"Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law."

Grant that there can be a man dead to all sympathies and sense of kin, whose only creed is "I am I;" whose actions are absolutely selfish, unrestrained by pity, love, or fear; and Shakespeare's *King Richard III.* sets forth the tragedy of such a death in life.

H. M.

# KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V.*, } *Sons to the King.*  
 RICHARD, *Duke of York,*

GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence,* } *Brothers to the King.*  
 RICHARD, *Duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III.,*

*A young Son of Clarence.*

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.*

CARDINAL BOURCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

THOMAS ROTHERHAM, *Archbishop of York.*

JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely.*

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY, *his Son.*

EARL RIVERS, *Brother to Elizabeth.*

MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, *Sons to Elizabeth.*

EARL OF OXFORD.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY.

LORD LOVEL.

SIR RICHARD RATOLIFF.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT.

SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a Priest. Another Priest.*

TRESSEL and BERKELEY, *attending on Lady Anne.*

*Lord Mayor of London.*

*Sheriff of Wiltshire.*

ELIZABETH, *Queen to King Edward IV.*

MARGARET, *Widow of King Henry VI.*

DUCHESS OF YORK, *Mother to King Edward IV.*

LADY ANNE, *Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, Son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to Richard.*

*A young Daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET).*

*Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III., Lords and other Attendants; a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.*

SCENE—ENGLAND.

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.—London. A Street.

*Enter RICHARD, Duke of GLOSTER, solus.*

*Glo.* Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;  
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;  
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
Grim-visaged War hath smoothed his wrinkled front ;  
And now, instead of mounting barb'd steeds  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;  
I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;  
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up  
And that so lamely and unfashionable  
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them ;—  
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time,  
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun  
And descant on mine own deformity :

And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,  
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
I am determinéd to prove a villain  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,  
To set my brother Clarence and the king  
In deadly hate the one against the other :  
And if King Edward be as true and just  
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,  
This day should Clarence closely be mewed up,  
About a prophecy, which says that G  
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.—  
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul : here Clarence  
comes.

*Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.*

Brother, good day : what means this armed guard  
That waits upon your grace ?

*Clar.* His majesty,  
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed  
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

*Glo.* Upon what cause ?

*Clar.* Because my name is George.

*Glo.* Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours ;  
He should, for that, commit your godfathers :  
O, belike his majesty hath some intent  
That you shall be new-christened in the Tower.  
But what's the matter, Clarence ? may I know ?

*Clar.* Yea, Richard, when I know ; for I protest  
As yet I do not : but, as I can learn,  
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams ;  
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,  
And says a wizzard told him that by G



His issue disinherited should be ;  
And, for my name of George begins with G,  
It follows in his thought that I am he.  
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these  
Have moved his highness to commit me now.

*Glo.* Why, this it is, when men are ruled by  
women.—

'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower ;  
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she  
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.  
Was it not she and that good man of worship,  
Anthony Woodville, her brother there,  
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,  
From whence this present day he is delivered ?  
We are not safe, Clarence ; we are not safe.

*Clar.* By heaven, I think there's no man is secure  
But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds  
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.  
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant  
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery ?

*Glo.* Humbly complaining to her deity  
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.  
I'll tell you what, I think it is our way,  
If we will keep in favour with the king,  
To be her men and wear her livery :  
The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,  
Since that our brother dubbed them gentlewomen,  
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

*Brak.* Beseech your graces both to pardon me ;  
His majesty hath straitly given in charge  
That no man shall have private conference,  
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

*Glo.* Even so ; an't please your worship, Braken-  
bury,

You may partake of anything we say :  
We speak no treason, man ;—we say the king  
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen  
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous ;—  
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,  
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing  
tongue ;

And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks :  
How say you, sir ? can you deny all this ?

*Brak.* With this, my lord, myself have naught  
to do.

*Glo.* Naught to do with Mistross Shore ! I tell  
thee, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,  
Were best he do it secretly, alone.

*Brak.* What one, my lord ?

*Glo.* Her husband, knave : wouldst thou betray  
me ?

*Brak.* I beseech your grace to pardon me, and  
withal

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

*Clar.* We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and  
will obey.

*Glo.* We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.  
Brother, farewell : I will unto the king ;  
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,  
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,  
I will perform it to enfranchise you.  
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood  
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

*Clar.* I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

*Glo.* Well, your imprisonment shall not be long ;  
I will deliver you, or else lie for you :  
Meantime, have patience.

*Clar.* I must perforce. Farewell.  
[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.*]  
*Glo.* Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er  
return.

Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,  
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,  
If heaven will take the present at our hands.  
But who comes here? the new-delivered Hastings?

*Enter Lord HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

*Glo.* As much unto my good lord chamberlain!  
Well are you welcome to the open air.  
How hath your lordship brooked imprisonment?

*Hast.* With patience, noble lord, as prisoners  
must:

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks  
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence  
too;

For they that were your enemies are his,  
And have prevailed as much on him as you.

*Hast.* More pity that the eagle should be mewed,  
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

*Glo.* What news abroad?

*Hast.* No news so bad abroad as this at home;  
The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,  
And his physicians fear him mightily.

*Glo.* Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad  
indeed.

O, he hath kept an evil diet long,  
And overmuch consumed his royal person:  
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.  
What, is he in his bed?

*Hast.* He is.

*Glo.* Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit* HASTINGS.

He cannot live, I hope ; and must not die  
Till George be packed with post-horse up to  
heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,  
With lies well steeled with weighty arguments ;  
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,  
Clarence hath not another day to live :  
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,  
And leave the world for me to bustle in !  
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.  
What though I killed her husband and her father ?  
The readiest way to make the wench amends  
Is to become her husband and her father :  
The which will I ; not all so much for love  
As for another secret close intent,  
By marrying her which I must reach unto.  
But yet I run before my horse to market :  
Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives and  
reigns :

When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another street.*

*Enter the corpse of King HENRY the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen with halberds to guard it, among them TRESSEL and BERKELEY; Lady ANNE being the mourner.*

*Anne.* Set down, set down your honourable load,—

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—  
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament  
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.

*[The bearers set down the coffin.]*

Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!  
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!  
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!  
Be't lawful that I invoke thy ghost,  
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,  
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son,  
Stabbed by the selfsame hand that made these  
wounds!

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,  
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.  
O, curséd be the hand that made these holes!  
Curséd the heart that had the heart to do it!  
Curséd the blood that let this blood from hence!  
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,  
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,  
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,  
Or any creeping venomèd thing that lives!  
If ever he have child, abortive be it,  
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,  
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect

*May* fright the hopeful mother at the view ;  
 And that be heir to his unhappiness !  
 If ever he have wife, let her be made  
 As miserable by the death of him  
 As I am made by my poor lord and thee !  
 Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,  
 Taken from Paul's to be interréd there ;  
 And still, as you are weary of the weight,  
 Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it  
 down.

*Anne.* What black magician conjures up this  
 fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

*Glo.* Villains, set down the corse ; or, by Saint

Paul,

I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

*Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin

pass.

*Glo.* Unmannered dog ! stand thou, when I  
 command :

*Adv.* thy halberd higher than my breast,

*And by Saint* Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,

*Glo.* Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

*Anne.* Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not ;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,  
Filled it with cursing cries and deep exclams.  
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

O, gentlemen, see, see ! dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congealed mouths and bleed afresh !—  
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity ;  
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood  
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells ;  
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,  
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death !  
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death !

Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,

Or earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,  
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,  
Which his hell-governed arm hath butcheréd !

*Glo.* Lady, you know no rules of charity,  
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

*Anne.* Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man :

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

*Glo.* But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

*Anns.* O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

*Glo.* More wonderful, when angels are so angry.  
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
Of these supposed evils to give me leave  
By circumstance but to acquit myself.

*Anne.* Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,  
For these known evils, but to give me leave,  
By circumstance, to curse thy curséd self.

*Glo.* Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me  
have

Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

*Anne.* Fouler than heart can think thee, thou  
canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

*Glo.* By such despair, I should accuse myself.

*Anne.* And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand  
excused

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,  
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

*Glo.* Say that I slew them not?

*Anne.* Why, then they are not dead :  
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

*Glo.* I did not kill your husband.

*Anne.* Why, then he is alive.

*Glo.* Nay, he is dead ; and slain by Edward's  
hand.

*Anne.* In thy foul throat thou liest : Queen  
Margaret saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood ;



Thou mayst be damnéd for that wicked deed !—  
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous !

*Glo.* The fitter for the King of heaven, that  
hath him.

*Anne.* He is in heaven, where thou shalt never  
come.

*Glo.* Let him thank me, that help to send him  
thither ;

For he was fitter for that place than earth.

*Anne.* And thou unfit for any place but hell.

*Glo.* Yes, one place else, if ycu will hear me  
name it.

*Anne.* Some dungeon.

*Glo.* Your bed-chamber.

*Anne.* Ill rest betide the chamber where thou  
liest !

*Glo.* So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

*Anne.* I hope so.

*Glo.* I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,  
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
And fall somewhat into a slower method,—  
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,  
As blameful as the executioner ?

*Anne.* Thou art the cause, and most accursed  
effect.

*Glo.* Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;  
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep  
To undertake the death of all the world,  
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

*Anne.* If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,  
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

*Glo.* These eyes could not endure that beauty's  
wreck ;

You should not blemish it, if I stood by :  
As all the world is cheer'd by the sun,  
So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

*Anna.* Black night o'ershadethy day, and death  
thy life !

*Glo.* Curse not thyself, fair creature ; thou art  
both.

*Anna.* I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

*Glo.* It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
To be revenged on him that loveth you.

*Anna.* It is a quarrel just and reasonable,  
To be revenged on him that slew my husband.

*Glo.* He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,  
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

*Anna.* His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

*Glo.* He lives that loves thee better than he could.

*Anna.* Name him.

*Glo.* Plantagenet.

*Anna.* Why, that was he.

*Glo.* The selfsame name, but one of better nature.

*Anna.* Where is he ?

*Glo.* Here. [*She spits at him.*  
Why dost thou spit at me ?

*Anna.* Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake !

*Glo.* Never came poison from so sweet a place.

*Anna.* Never hung poison on a fouler toad.  
Out of my sight ! thou dost infect my eyes.

*Glo.* Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

*Anna.* Would they were basilisks, to strike thee  
dead !

*Glo.* I would they were, that I might die at once ;  
For now they kill me with a living death.  
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,  
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops :

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,  
No, when my father York and Edward wept,  
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made  
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him ;  
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,  
Told the sad story of my father's death,  
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep  
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,  
Like trees bedashed with rain : in that sad time  
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;  
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,  
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with  
weeping.

I never sued to friend nor enemy ;  
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words ;  
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee,  
My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to  
speak. [*She looks scornfully at him.*]

Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made  
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.  
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;  
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,  
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,  
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[*He lays his breast open : she offers at it with  
his sword.*]

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill King Henry,—  
But 'twas thy beauty that provokéd me.  
Nay, now dispatch ; 'twas I that stabbed young  
Edward,—

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[*She lets fall the sword.*]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

*Anne.* Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,

I will not be thy executioner.

*Glo.* Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

*Anne.* I have already.

*Glo.* Tush, that was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and, even with the word,  
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,  
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love;  
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessary.

*Anne.* I would I knew thy heart.

*Glo.* 'Tis figured in my tongue.

*Anne.* I fear me both are false.

*Glo.* Then never man was true.

*Anne.* Well, well, put up your sword.

*Glo.* Say, then, my peace is made.

*Anne.* That shall you know hereafter.

*Glo.* But shall I live in hope?

*Anne.* All men, I hope, live so.

*Glo.* Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

*Anne.* To take is not to give.

*Glo.* Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,  
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;  
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.  
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

*Anne.* What is it?

*Glo.* That it would please thee leave these sad  
designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby Place;  
Where, after I have solemnly interred

At Chertsey monastery this noble king,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,  
I will with all expedient duty see you :  
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,  
Grant me this boon.

*Anne.* With all my heart ; and much it joys me  
too,

To see you are become so penitent.  
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

*Glo.* Bid me farewell.

*Anne.* 'Tis more than you deserve ;  
But since you teach me how to flatter you,  
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady ANNE, TRESSEL, and BERKELEY.*]

*Glo.* Sirs, take up the corse.

*Gent.* Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?

*Glo.* No, to Whitefriars ; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?  
Was ever woman in this humour won ?  
I'll have her ;—but I will not keep her long.  
What ! I, that killed her husband and his father,  
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,  
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,  
The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;  
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against  
me,

And I no thing to back my suit withal  
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,  
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing !  
Ha !

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,  
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,  
Stabbed in my angry mood at Tewksbury ?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,  
Framed in the prodigality of nature,  
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,  
The spacious world cannot again afford :  
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,  
That cropped the golden prime of this sweet prince,  
And made her widow to a woful bed ?  
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety !  
On me, that halt and am unshapen thus ?  
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,  
I do mistake my person all this while :  
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.  
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,  
And entertain some score or two of tailors  
To study fashions to adorn my body :  
Since I am crept in favour with myself,  
I will maintain it with some little cost.  
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave ;  
And then return lamenting to my love.—  
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

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## SCENE III.—The Palace.

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, Lord RIVERS, and Lord GREY.*

*Riv.* Have patience, madam : there's no doubt  
his majesty

Will soon recover his accustomed health.

*Grey.* In that you brook it ill, it makes him  
worse :

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,  
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

*Q. Eliz.* If he were dead, what would betide of me?

*Riv.* No other harm but loss of such a lord.

*Q. Eliz.* The loss of such a lord includes all harm.

*Grey.* The heavens have blessed you with a  
goodly son

To be your comforter when he is gone.

*Q. Eliz.* Oh, he is young, and his minority  
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,  
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

*Riv.* Is it concluded he shall be protector?

*Q. Eliz.* It is determined, not concluded yet :  
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.*

*Grey.* Here come the lords of Buckingham and  
Stanley.

*Buck.* Good time of day unto your royal grace !

*Stan.* God make your majesty joyful as you  
have been !

*Q. Eliz.* The Countess Richmond, good my lord  
of Stanley,

To your good prayers will scarcely say amen.  
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife.  
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured  
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

*Stan.* I do beseech you, either not believe  
The envious slanders of her false accusers ;  
Or, if she be accused in true report,  
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds  
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

*Riv.* Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Stanley?

*Stan.* But now the Duke of Buckingham and I  
Are come from visiting his majesty.

*Q. Eliz.* What likelihood of his amendment, lords ?

*Buck.* Madam, good hope ; his grace speaks cheer-  
fully.

*Q. Eliz.* God grant him health ! Did you confer  
with him ?

*Buck.* Ay, madam : he desires to make atonement  
Betwixt the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,  
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain ;  
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

*Q. Eliz.* Would all were well !—but that will  
never be :  
I fear our happiness is at the height.

*Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.*

*Glo.* They do me wrong, and I will not endure't :  
Who are they that complain unto the king  
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not ?  
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly  
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.  
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,  
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,  
I must be held a rancorous enemy.  
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,  
But thus his simple truth must be abused  
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks ?

*Riv.* To whom in all this presence speaks your  
grace ?

*Glo.* To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.  
When have I injured thee ? when done thee wrong ?  
Or thee ? or thee ? or any of your faction ?  
A plague upon you all ! His royal person,—



Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—  
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,  
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

*Q. Eliz.* Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.

The king, of his own royal disposition,  
And not provoked by any suitor else,  
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred  
Which in your outward actions shows itself  
Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,  
Makes him to send ; that thereby he may gather  
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

*Glo.* I cannot tell : the world is grown so bad,  
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch :  
Since every Jack became a gentleman,  
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

*Q. Eliz.* Come, come, we know your meaning,  
brother Gloster ;

You envy my advancement and my friends' :  
God grant we never may have need of you !

*Glo.* Meantime, God grants that we have need of  
you :

Our brother is imprisoned by your means,  
Myself disgraced, and the nobility  
Held in contempt ; whilst many fair promotions  
Are daily given to ennoble those  
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

*Q. Eliz.* By him that raised me to this careful  
height

From that contented hap which I enjoyed,  
I never did incense his majesty  
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been  
An earnest advocate to plead for him.  
My lord, you do me shameful injury,

Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

*Glo.* You may deny that you were not the cause  
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

*Riv.* She may, my lord, for—

*Glo.* She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows  
not so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that :

She may help you to many fair preferments,

And then deny her aiding hand therein

And lay those honours on your high deserts.

What may she not? She may, yea, marry, may she,—

*Riv.* What, marry, may she?

*Glo.* What, marry, may she! marry with a king,  
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too :

I wis your grandam had a worser match.

*Q. Eliz.* My Lord of Gloster, I have too long borne

Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs :

By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty

With those gross taunts I often have endured.

I had rather be a country servant-maid

Than a great queen, with this condition,

To be thus taunted, scorned, and storm'd at :

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.*

Small joy have I in being England's queen.—

*Q. Mar.* [*Aside.*] And lessened be that small,  
God, I beseech thee !

Thy honour, state and seat is due to me.—

*Glo.* What! threat you me with telling of the  
king?

Tell him, and spare not : look, what I have said

I will avouch in presence of the king :

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak,—my pains are quite forgot.—

*Q. Mar.* [*Aside.*] Out, devil! I remember them too well:

Thou slew'st my husband Henry in the Tower,  
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.—

*Glo.* Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends:

To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.—

*Q. Mar.* [*Aside.*] Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.

*Glo.* In all which time you and your husband Grey

Were factious for the house of Lancaster:

And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband

In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What you have been ere now, and what you are;

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.—

*Q. Mar.* [*Aside.*] A murderous villain, and so still thou art.—

*Glo.* Poor Clarence did forsake his father,  
Warwick;

Yea, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—

*Q. Mar.* [*Aside.*] Which God revenge!—

*Glo.* To fight on Edward's party for the crown;

And for his meed, poor lord, he is mewed up.

I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;

Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:

I am too childish-foolish for this world.—

*Q. Mar.* [*Aside.*] Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,

Thou cacodemon! There thy kingdom is.

*Riv.* My Lord of Gloster, in those busy days  
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,  
We followed then our lord, our lawful king :  
So should we you, if you should be our king.

*Glo.* If I should be ! I had rather be a pedlar :  
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it !

*Q. Eliz.* As little joy, my lord, as you suppose  
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,  
As little joy may you suppose in me,  
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.—

*Q. Mar.* [*Aside.*] As little joy enjoys the queen  
thereof ;

For I am she, and altogether joyless.  
I can no longer hold me patient. [*Advancing.*  
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out  
In sharing that which you have pilled from me !  
Which of you trembles not that looks on me ?  
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,  
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels ?  
O gentle villain, do not turn away !

*Glo.* Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in  
my sight ?

*Q. Mar.* But repetition of what thou hast marred ;  
That will I make before I let thee go.

*Glo.* Wert thou not banishéd on pain of death ?

*Q. Mar.* I was ;

But I do find more pain in banishment  
Than death can yield me here by my abode.  
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me ;—  
And thou a kingdom ;—all of you allegiance :  
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,  
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

*Glo.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,  
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,  
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout  
Steeped in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—  
His curses, then from bitterness of soul  
Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee ;  
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

*Q. Eliz.* So just is God, to right the innocent.

*Hast.* O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,  
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of !

*Riv.* Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

*Dor.* No man but prophesied revenge for it.

*Buck.* Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

*Q. Mar.* What ! were you snarling all before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,  
And turn you all your hatred now on me ?  
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven  
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,  
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,  
Could all but answer for that peevish brat ?  
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven ?  
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses !

If not by war, by surfeit die your king,  
As ours by murder, to make him a king !  
Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,  
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales  
Die in his youth by like untimely violence !  
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,  
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !  
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss ;  
And see another, as I see thee now,

Decked in thy rights, as thou art stalled in mine !  
Long die thy happy days before thy death ;  
And, after many lengthened hours of grief  
Die, neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !—  
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,—  
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son  
Was stabbed with bloody daggers : God, I pray him,  
That none of you may live your natural age,  
But by some unlooked accident cut off !

*Glo.* Have done thy charm, thou hateful withered hag !

*Q. Mar.* And leave out thee ? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store  
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,  
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,  
And then hurl down their indignation  
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace !  
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul !  
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,  
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !  
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,  
Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream  
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !  
Thou elvish-marked, abortive, rooting hog !  
Thou that wast sealed in thy nativity  
The slave of nature and the son of hell !  
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb !  
Thou loathéd issue of thy father's loins !  
Thou rag of honour ! thou detested—

*Glo.* Margaret.

*Q. Mar.* Richard !

*Glo.* Ha !

*Q. Mar.* I call thee not.

*Glo.* I cry thee mercy then, for I had thought  
That thou hadst called me all these bitter names.

*Q. Mar.* Why, so I did ; but looked for no reply.  
O, let me make the period to my curse !

*Glo.* 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret.'

*Q. Eliz.* Thus have you breathed your curse  
against yourself.

*Q. Mar.* Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my  
fortune !

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider  
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about ?  
Fool, fool ! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.  
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me  
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-backed  
toad.

*Hast.* False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,  
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

*Q. Mar.* Foul shame upon you ! you have all  
moved mine.

*Riv.* Were you well served, you would be taught  
your duty.

*Q. Mar.* To serve me well, you all should do me  
duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects :  
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty !

*Dor.* Dispute not with her ; she is lunatic.

*Q. Mar.* Peace, master marquess, you are  
malapert :

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.  
O, that your young nobility could judge  
What 'twere to lose it and be miserable !  
They that stand high have many blasts to shake  
them ;  
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

*Glo.* Good counsel, marry : learn it, learn it,  
marquess.

*Dor.* It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me.

*Glo.* Yea, and much more : but I was born so high,  
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,  
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

*Q. Mar.* And turns the sun to shade ; alas ! alas !  
Witness my son, now in the shade of death ;  
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath  
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.  
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest.  
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it ;  
As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

*Buck.* Peace, peace ! for shame, if not for charity.

*Q. Mar.* Urge neither charity nor shame to me :  
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,  
And shamefully by you my hopes are butchered.  
My charity is outrage, life my shame ;  
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage !

*Buck.* Have done, have done.

*Q. Mar.* O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy  
hand,

In sign of league and amity with thee :  
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house !  
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,  
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

*Buck.* Nor no one here ; for curses never pass  
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

*Q. Mar.* I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,  
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.  
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog !  
Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and when he hites,  
His venom tooth will rankle to the death :  
Have not to do with him, beware of him ;



Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,  
And all their ministers attend on him.

*Glo.* What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

*Buck.* Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

*Q. Mar.* What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow.

And say poor Margaret was a prophetess!—

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

*Hast.* My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

*Riv.* And so doth mine: I muse why she's at liberty,

*Glo.* I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,  
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent  
My part thereof that I have done to her.

*Q. Eliz.* I never did her any, to my knowledge.

*Glo.* But you have all the vantage of her wrong.  
I was too hot to do somebody good,  
That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;

He is franked up to fattening for his pains;

God pardon them that are the cause of it!

*Riv.* A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,  
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

*Glo.* So do I ever: [*Aside*] being well advised,  
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cates.* Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—

And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

*Q. Eliz.* Catesby, we come. Lords, will you go with us?

*Riv.* We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*]

*Glo.* I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.  
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad  
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.  
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,  
I do beweepe to many simple gulls;  
Namely, to Hastings, Stanley, Buckingham;  
And say it is the queen and her allies  
That stir the king against the duke my brother  
Now, they believe it; and withal whet me  
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:  
But then I sigh; and, with a piece of scripture,  
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:  
And thus I clothe my naked villany  
With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ;  
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.  
But, soft! here come my executioners.

*Enter two Murderers.*

How now, my hardy, stout, resolvéd mates!

Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

*1 Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

*Glo.* Well thought upon;—I have it here about me.

[*Gives the warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;

For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate ;

Talkers are no good doers : be assured

We come to use our hands and not our tongues.

*Glo.* Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears :

I like you, lads ;—about your business straight ;  
Go, go, dispatch.

1 *Murd.* We will, my noble lord. [Exeunt.]

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SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Tower.

*Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.*

*Brak.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

*Clar.* O, I have passed a miserable night,  
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,  
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,—  
So full of dismal terror was the time !

*Brak.* What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you tell me.

*Clar.* Methought that I had broken from the Tower,  
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy ;  
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,  
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches : thence we looked toward England,  
And cited up a thousand fearful times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster

That had befall'n us. As we paced along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,  
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.  
Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown !  
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears !  
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes !  
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;  
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon ;  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
All scattered in the bottom of the sea :  
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in those holes  
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,—  
As 'twere in scorn of eyes,—reflecting gems,  
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

*Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death  
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep ?

*Clar.* Methought I had ; and often did I strive  
To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood  
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air,  
But smothered it within my panting bulk,  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awaked you not with this sore agony ?

*Clar.* O, no, my dream was lengthened after life ;  
O, then began the tempest to my soul,  
Who passed, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.  
The first that there did greet my stranger soul  
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;

Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury  
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?'  
And so he vanished : then came wandering by  
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood ; and he shrieked out aloud,  
'Clarence is come' — false, fleeting, perjured  
Clarence ;—

That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury ;—  
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments !'  
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
Environed me, and howled in mine ears  
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise  
I trembling waked, and for a season after  
Could not believe but that I was in hell,—  
Such terrible impression made the dream.

*Brak.* No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you ;  
I am afraid methinks to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* O Brakenbury, I have done those things  
Which now bear evidence against my soul,  
For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me !—  
O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,  
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,  
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone,  
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !—  
Keeper, I prithee, sit by me awhile ;  
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

*Brak.* I will, my lord : God give your grace good  
rest !— [*Clarence sleeps.*]  
Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,  
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide  
night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
An outward honour for an inward toil ;  
And, for unfelt imaginations,

They often feel a world of restless cares :  
So that, between their titles and low name  
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Enter the two Murderers.*

1 *Murd.* Ho ! who's here ?

*Brak.* What would'st thou, fellow ? and how  
cam'st thou hither ?

1 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence and I  
came hither on my legs.

*Brak.* What, so brief ?

2 *Murd.* 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious. Let  
him see our commission ; talk no more.

*[Brakenbury reads it.*

*Brak.* I am, in this, commanded to deliver  
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands :  
I will not reason what is meant hereby,  
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.  
Here are the keys,—there sits the duke asleep :  
I'll to the king ; and signify to him  
That thus I have resigned my charge to you.

1 *Murd.* You may, sir, 'tis a point of wisdom :  
fare you well. *[Exit Brakenbury.*

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps ?

1 *Murd.* No ; then he will say 'twas done  
cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Murd.* When he wakes ! why, fool, he shall  
never wake till the judgment-day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say we stabbed him  
sleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word 'judgment'  
hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What, art thou afraid ?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it ;

but to be damned for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend us.

1 *Murd.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I prithee, stay a little ; I hope my holy humour will change ; 'twas wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now ?

2 *Murd.* Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Zounds, he dies : I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now ?

2 *Murd.* In the Duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter, let it go ; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What if it come to thee again ?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it:—it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it.

1 *Murd.* Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device! make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft, he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike!

1 *Murd.* No, we'll reason with him.

*Clar.* [*waking*]. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

2 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

*Clar.* In God's name, what art thou?

2 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

*Clar.* But not, as I am, royal.

2 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

*Clar.* Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

2 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks ,  
mine own



*Clar.* You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,  
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

*Clar.* I shall be reconciled to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare  
to die.

*Clar.* Are you called forth from out a world of  
men

To slay the innocent? What's my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me:

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he that hath commanded is our  
king.

*Clar.* Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings

Hath in the tables of his law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder: will you, then,

Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man's?

Take heed: for he holds vengeance in his hands

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl  
on thee

For false forswearing, and for murder too:

Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight

In quarrel of the house of Lancaster

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,  
Didst break that vow ; and with thy treacherous  
blade

Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and  
defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful  
law to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree ?

*Clar.* Alas ! for whose sake did I that ill deed ?  
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake :  
He sends you not to murder me for this ;  
For in that sin he is as deep as I.  
If God will be revenged for this deed,  
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly :  
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm ;  
He needs no indirect nor lawless course  
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee, then, a bloody  
minister,  
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,  
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee ?

*Clar.* My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy  
fault,  
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

*Clar.* If you do love my brother, hate not me ;  
I am his brother, and I love him well.  
If you be hired for meed, go back again,  
And I will send you to my brother Gloster,  
Who shall reward you better for my life  
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceived, your brother Gloster  
hates you.

*Clar.* O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear :  
Go you to him from me.

*Both.* Ay, so we will.

*Clar.* Tell him, when that our princely father  
York

Blessed his three sons with his victorious arm,  
And charged us from his soul to love each other,  
He little thought of this divided friendship :  
Bid Gloster think of this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, millstones ; as he lessoned us to  
weep.

*Clar.* O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right,  
As snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself :  
Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

*Clar.* It cannot be ; for he bewept my fortune,  
And hugged me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,  
That he would labour my delivery.

2 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you  
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

1 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must  
die, my lord.

*Clar.* Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul.  
To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,  
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me ?  
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on  
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do ?

*Clar.* Relent, and save your souls.  
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,  
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,  
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,  
Would not entreat for life.

1 *Murd.* Relent ! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

*Clar.* Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish,—  
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks ;

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,

As you would beg, were you in my distress :

A begging prince what beggar pities not ?

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that : if all this will  
not do, [Stabs him.

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit with the body.

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatched !

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands

Of this most grievous guilty murder done !

*Re-enter First Murderer.*

1 *Murd.* How now ! what mean'st thou, that  
thou help'st me not ?

By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou  
art !

2 *Murd.* I would he knew that I had saved his  
brother !

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say ;

For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

1 *Murd.* So do not I : go, coward as thou art !

Now must I hide his body in some hole,

Until the duke take order for his burial :

And when I have my meed, I will away ;

For this will out, and here I must not stay. [Exit.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King EDWARD led in sick, Queen ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others.*

*K. Edw.* Why, so; now have I done a good day's work :—

You peers, continue this united league :

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence ;

And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand ;

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

*Riv.* By heaven, my heart is purged from grudging hate ;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

*Hast.* So thrive I, as I truly swear the like !

*K. Edw.* Take heed you dally not before your king ;

Lest he that is the supreme King of kings

Confound your hidden falsehood, and award

Either of you to be the other's end.

*Hast.* So prosper I, as I swear perfect love !

*Riv.* And I, as I love Hastings with my heart !

*K. Edw.* Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,

Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you ;—

You have been factious one against the other.

Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand ;

And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

*Q. Eliz.* There, Hastings; I will never more  
remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

*K. Edw.* Dorset, embrace him;—Hastings, love  
lord marquess.

*Dor.* This interchange of love, I here protest,  
Upon my part shall be unviolable.

*Hast.* And so swear I. [*They embrace.*]

*K. Edw.* Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou  
this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,  
And make me happy in your unity.

*Buck.* [*To the Queen.*] Whenever Buckingham  
doth turn his hate

Upon your grace, but with all duteous love  
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me  
With hate in those where I expect most love!  
When I have most need to employ a friend,  
And most assuréd that he is a friend,  
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,  
Be he unto me!—this do I beg of God,  
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

[*They embrace.*]

*K. Edw.* A pleasing cordial, princely Buck-  
ingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.  
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,  
To make the perfect period of this peace.

*Buck.* And, in good time, here comes the noble  
duke.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Good morrow to my sovereign king and  
queen;

And, princely peers, a happy time of day !

*K. Edw.* Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.  
Brother, we have done deeds of charity ;  
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,  
Between these swelling wrong-incenséd peers.

*Glo.* A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.—  
Amongst this princely heap, if any here,  
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,  
Hold me a foe ;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,  
Have aught committed that is hardly borne  
By any in this presence, I desire  
To reconcile me to his friendly peace :  
'Tis death to me to be at enmity ;  
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—  
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,  
Which I will purchase with my duteous service ;—  
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,  
If ever any grudge were lodged between us ;—  
Of you, Lord Rivers,—and, Lord Grey, of you,—  
That all without desert have frowned on me ;—  
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ;—indeed, of all.  
I do not know that Englishman alive  
With whom my soul is any jot at odds  
More than the infant that is born to-night :  
I thank my God for my humility.

*Q. Eliz.* A holy day shall this be kept hereafter :—  
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.—  
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness  
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

*Glo.* Why, madam, have I offered love for this,  
To be so flouted in this royal presence ?  
Who knows not that the noble duke is dead ?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

*Riv.* Who knows not he is dead ! Who knows  
he is ?

*Q. Eliz.* All-seeing heaven, what a world is this !

*Buck.* Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest ?

*Dor.* Ay, my good lord ; and no one in this  
presence

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

*K. Edw.* Is Clarence dead ? The order was re-  
versed.

*Glo.* But he, poor soul, by your first order died,  
And that a wingéd Mercury did bear ;  
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand, .  
That came too lag to see him buried.  
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,  
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,  
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,  
And yet go current from suspicion !

*Enter STANLEY.*

*Stan.* A boon, my sovereign, for my service done !

*K. Edw.* I pray thee, peace : my soul is full of  
sorrow.

*Stan.* I will not rise, unless your highness grant.

*K. Edw.* Then speak at once what is it thou  
demand'st.

*Stan.* The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life ;  
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman  
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

*K. Edw.* Have I a tongue to doom my brother's  
death,  
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?  
My brother killed no man, his fault was thought,  
And yet his punishment was bitter death.



Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,  
Kneeled at my feet, and bade me be advised?  
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?  
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake  
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?  
Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,  
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,  
And said, 'Dear brother, live, and be a king'?  
Who told me, when we both lay in the field  
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me  
Even in his garments, and did give himself,  
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?  
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath  
Sinfully plucked, and not a man of you  
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.  
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals  
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced  
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,  
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;  
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—  
But for my brother not a man would speak,—  
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself  
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all  
Have been beholding to him in his life;  
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—  
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold  
On me and you, and mine and yours for this!  
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah!  
Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt King and Queen, HASTINGS,  
RIVERS, DORSET, and GREY.*]

*Glo.* This is the fruit of rashness!—Marked you  
not  
How that the guilty kindred of the queen

Looked pale when they did hear of Clarence' death ?  
O, they did urge it still unto the king !  
God will revenge it.—But come, let us in,  
To comfort Edward with our company.

*Buck.* We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.—Another Room in the Palace.

*Enter the Duchess of YORK, with a Son and  
Daughter of CLARENCE.*

*Boy.* Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead ?

*Duch.* No, boy.

*Boy.* Why do you wring your hands, and beat  
your breast,

And cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son !'

*Girl.* Why do you look on us, and shake your  
head,

And call us wretches, orphans, castaways,  
If that our noble father be alive ?

*Duch.* My pretty cousins, you mistake me both ;  
I do lament the sickness of the king,  
As loth to lose him, not your father's death ;  
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

*Boy.* Then, grandam, you conclude that he is  
dead.

The king my uncle is to blame for this :  
God will revenge it ; whom I will importune  
With daily prayers all to that effect.

*Girl.* And so will I.

*Duch.* Peace, children, peace ! the king doth love  
you well :

Incapable and shallow innocents,  
You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

*Boy.* Grandam, we can; for my good uncle  
Gloster

Told me, the king, provokèd to 't by the queen,  
Devised impeachments to imprison him :  
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,  
And pitied me, and kindly kissed my cheek ;  
Bade me rely on him as on my father,  
And he would love me dearly as his child.

*Duch.* Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle  
shapes,

And with a virtuous vizor hide foul guile !  
He is my son ; yea, and therein my shame ;  
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

*Son.* Think you my uncle did dissemble, gran-  
dam ?

*Duch.* Ay, boy.

*Son.* I cannot think it.—Hark ! what noise is  
this ?

*Enter Queen ELIZABEEH, with her hair about her  
ears; RIVERS and DORSET after her.*

*Q. Eliz.* O, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,  
To chide my fortune, and torment myself ?  
I'll join with black despair against my soul,  
And to myself become an enemy.

*Duch.* What means this scene of rude im-  
patience ?

*Q. Eliz.* To make an act of tragic violence :  
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead.  
Why grow the branches when the root is gone ?  
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap ?  
If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief,  
That our swift-wingéd souls may catch the king's ;  
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him

To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

*Duch.* Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow  
As I had title in thy noble husband !  
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,  
And lived by looking on his images :  
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance  
Are cracked in pieces by malignant death,  
And I for comfort have but one false glass,  
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.  
Thou art a widow ; yet thou art a mother,  
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee :  
But death hath snatched my husband from mine arms,  
And plucked two crutches from my feeble hands,—  
Edward and Clarence. O, what cause have I,—  
Thine being but a moiety of my grief,—  
To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries !

*Son.* Good aunt, you wept not for our father's  
death !

How can we aid you with our kindred tears ?

*Daughter.* Our fatherless distress we left un-  
moaned ;

Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept !

*Q. Eliz.* Give me no help in lamentation ;  
I am not barren to bring forth complaints :  
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,  
That I, being governed by the watery moon,  
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world !  
Ah for my husband, for my dear lord Edward !

*Chil.* Ah for our father, for our dear lord  
Clarence !

*Duch.* Alas for both, both mine, Edward and  
Clarence !

*Q. Eliz.* What stay had I but Edward ? and he's  
gone.

*Chil.* What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

*Duch.* What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

*Q. Eliz.* Was never widow had so dear a loss!

*Chil.* Were never orphans had so dear a loss!

*Duch.* Was never mother had so dear a loss!

Alas, I am the mother of these moans!

Their woes are parcelled, mine are general

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;

I for an Edward weep, so do not they;

Alas, you three, on me, threefold distressed,

Pour all your tears? I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

*Dor.* Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeased

That you take with unthankfulness his doing:

In common worldly things, 'tis called ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven

For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

*Riv.* Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,

Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;

Let him be crowned; in him your comfort lives:

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

*Enter* GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS,  
RATCLIFF, and others.

*Glo.* Madam, have comfort: all of us have cause  
To wail the dimming of our shining star;

But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—  
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy ;  
I did not see your grace :—humbly on my knee  
I crave your blessing.

*Duch.* God bless thee ; and put meekness in thy  
mind,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

*Glo.* Amen ; [*Aside.*] and make me die a good  
old man !—

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing :  
I marvel that her grace did leave it out.

*Buck.* You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing  
peers,

That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,  
Now cheer each other in each other's love :  
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,  
We are to reap the harvest of his son.  
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,  
But lately splintered, knit, and joined together,  
Must gently be preserved, cherished, and kept :  
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,  
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetched  
Hither to London, to be crowned our king.

*Riv.* Why with some little train, my Lord of  
Buckingham ?

*Buck.* Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,  
The new-healed wound of malice should break out ;  
Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
By how much the state's green and yet ungoverned :  
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,  
And may direct his course as please himself,  
As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,  
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

*Glo.* I hope the king made peace with all of us ;

And the compáct is firm and true in me.

*Riv.* And so in me ; and so, I think, in all :  
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put  
To no apparent likelihood of breach,  
Which haply by much company might be urged :  
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,  
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

*Hast.* And so say I.

*Glo.* Then be it so ; and go we to determine  
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Lud-  
low.

Madam,—and you, my mother,—will you go  
To give your censures in this business ?

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloster*]

*Buck.* My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,  
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home ;  
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,  
As index to the story we late talked of,  
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

*Glo.* My other self, my counsel's consistory,  
My oracle, my prophet !—My dear cousin,  
I, like a child, will go by thy direction.  
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE III.—London. A Street.

*Enter two Citizens, meeting.*

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour, well met :  
whither away so fast ?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself :  
Hear you the news abroad ?

1 *Cit.* Ay,—that the king is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady ; seldom comes the better :

I fear, I fear 'twill prove a giddy world.

*Enter another Citizen.*

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed !

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death ?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help, the while !

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no ; by God's good grace his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that's governed by a child !

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government,  
That, in his nonage, Council under him,  
And in his full and ripened years himself,  
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth  
Was crowned in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so ? No, no, good friends,  
God wot ;

For then this land was famously enriched  
With politic grave counsel ; then the king  
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father,  
Or by his father there were none at all ;  
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,  
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.  
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster !



And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud :

And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,  
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst : all w'll be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks ;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;  
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?  
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.  
All may be well ; but, if God sort it so,  
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear ;  
Ye cannot reason almost with a man  
That looks not heavily and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so :  
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing danger ; as, by proof, we see  
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.  
But leave it all to God.—Whither away ?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices

3 *Cit.* And so was I : I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.  
*Enter the Archbishop of YORK, the young Duke of YORK, Queen ELIZABETH, and the Duchess of YORK.*

*Arch.* Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton ;  
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night :

To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

*Duch.* I long with all my heart to see the prince :

I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

*Q. Eliz.* But I hear, no ; they say my son of York

Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

*York.* Ay, mother ; but I would not have it so.

*Duch.* Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

*York.* Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,

My uncle Rivers talked how I did grow

More than my brother : 'Ay,' quoth my uncle Gloster,

'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace :'

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,  
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

*Duch.* Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold

In him that did object the same to thee :

He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,

So long a-growing and so leisurely,

That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

*Arch.* Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is.

*Duch.* I hope he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

*York.* Now, by my troth, if I had been remembered,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,

To touch his growth nearer than he touched mine.

*Duch.* How, my pretty York ? I prithee, let me hear it.

*York.* Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast  
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old :  
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.  
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

*Duch.* I prithee, pretty York, who told thee  
this ?

*York.* Grandam, his nurse.

*Duch.* His nurse ! why, she was dead ere thou  
wert born.

*York.* If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told  
me.

*Q. Eliz.* A parlous boy :—go to, you are too  
shrewd.

*Arch.* Good madam, be not angry with the child.

*Q. Eliz.* Pitchers have ears.

*Arch.* Here comes a messenger.

*Enter a Messenger.*

What news ?

*Mess.* Such news, my lord, as grieves me to  
report.

*Q. Eliz.* How doth the prince ?

*Mess.* Well, madam, and in health.

*Duch.* What is thy news then ?

*Mess.* Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to  
Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

*Duch.* Who hath committed them ?

*Mess.* The mighty Dukes  
Gloster and Buckingham.

*Q. Eliz.* For what offence ?

*Mess.* The sum of all I can, I have disclosed ;  
Why or for what these nobles were committed  
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

*Q. Eliz.* Ay me, I see the downfall of our house !  
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind ;  
Insulting tyranny begins to jet  
Upon the innocent and aweless throne :—  
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre !  
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

*Duch.* Accurséd and unquiet wrangling days,  
How many of you have mine eyes beheld !  
My husband lost his life to get the crown ;  
And often up and down my sons were tossed,  
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss :  
And being seated, and domestic broils  
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,  
Make war upon themselves ; brother to brother,  
Blood to blood, self against self : O, preposterous  
And frantic outrage, end thy damnéd spleen ;  
Or let me die, to look on death no more !

*Q. Eliz.* Come, come, my boy ; we will to  
sanctuary.—  
Madam, farewell.

*Duch.* Stay, I will go with you.

*Q. Eliz.* You have no cause.

*Arch.* My gracious lady, go ;  
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.  
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace  
The seal I keep ; and so betide to me  
As well I tender you and all of yours !  
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt*]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—London. A Street.

*The trumpets sound. Enter the young Prince, the Dukes of GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BOURCHIER, CATESBY, and others.*

*Buck.* Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

*Glo.* Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign :

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

*Prince.* No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way  
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :  
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

*Glo.* Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your  
years  
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit ;  
Nor more can you distinguish of a man  
Than of his outward show, which, God he knows,  
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.  
Those uncles which you want were dangerous ;  
Your grace attended to their sugared words,  
But looked not on the poison of their hearts :  
God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

*Prince.* God keep me from false friends ! but  
they were none.

*Glo.* My lord, the mayor of London comes to  
greet you.

*Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.*

*May.* God bless your grace with health and  
happy days !

*Prince.* I thank you, good my lord ;—and thank you all.

I thought my mother, and my brother York,  
Would long ere this have met us on the way :  
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not  
To tell us whether they will come or no !

*Buck.* And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

*Enter Lord HASTINGS.*

*Prince.* Welcome, my lord : what, will our mother come ?

*Hast.* On what occasion, God he knows, not I,  
The queen your mother, and your brother York,  
Have taken sanctuary : the tender Prince  
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,  
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

*Buck.* Fie, what an indirect and peevish course  
Is this of hers ! Lord cardinal, will your grace  
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York  
Unto his princely brother presently ?  
If she deny,—Lord Hastings, go with him,  
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

*Card.* My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory

Can from his mother win the Duke of York,  
Expect him here ; but if she be obdurate  
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid  
We should infringe the holy privilege  
Of blessed sanctuary ! not for all this land  
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

*Buck.* You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,  
Too ceremonious and traditional :  
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,

You break not sanctuary in seizing him.  
The benefit thereof is always granted  
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,  
And those who have the wit to claim the place :  
This prince hath neither claimed it nor deserved it ;  
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:  
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,  
You break no privilege nor charter there.  
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men ;  
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

*Card.* My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for  
once.

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me ?

*Hast.* I go, my lord.

*Prince.* Good lords, make all the speedy haste you  
may. [*Exeunt Cardinal and HASTINGS.*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,  
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

*Glo.* Where it seems best unto your royal self.  
If I may counsel you, some day or two  
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower :  
Then where you please and shall be thought most  
fit

For your best health and recreation.

*Prince.* I do not like the Tower, of any place.  
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?

*Buck.* He did, my gracious lord, begin that  
place ;

Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

*Prince.* Is it upon record, or else reported  
Successively from age to age, he built it ?

*Buck.* Upon record, my gracious lord.

*Prince.* But say, my lord, it were not registered,  
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,

As 'twere retailed to all posterity,  
Even to the general all-ending day.

*Glo. [Aside.]* So wise so young, they say, do  
ne'er live long.

*Prince.* What say you, uncle?

*Glo.* I say, without charácters fame lives long.

*[Aside]* Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,  
I moralise two meanings in one word.

*Prince.* That Julius Cæsar was a famous man ;  
With what his valour did enrich his wit,  
His wit set down to make his valour live :  
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;  
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—  
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

*Buck.* What, my gracious lord ?

*Prince.* An if I live until I be a man,  
I'll win our ancient right in France again,  
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

*Glo. [Aside.]* Short summers lightly have a  
forward spring.

*Buck.* Now, in good time, here comes the Duke  
of York.

*Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.*

*Prince.* Richard of York ! how fares our loving  
brother ?

*York.* Well, my dread lord ; so must I call you  
now.

*Prince.* Ay, brother,—to our grief, as it is yours  
Too late he died that might have kept that title,  
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

*Glo.* How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York ?

*York.* I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,  
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth :



The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

*Glo.* He hath, my lord.

*York.* And therefore is he idle?

*Glo.* O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

*York.* Then is he more beholding to you than I.

*Glo.* He may command me as my sovereign;

But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

*York.* I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

*Glo.* My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

*Prince.* A beggar, brother?

*York.* Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;  
Being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

*Glo.* A greater gift than that I'll give my  
cousin.

*York.* A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it.

*Glo.* Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

*York.* O, then, I see, you'll part but with light  
gifts;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

*Glo.* It is too heavy for your grace to wear.

*York.* I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

*Glo.* What, would you have my weapon, little  
lord?

*York.* I would, that I might thank you as you  
call me.

*Glo.* How?

*York.* Little.

*Prince.* My Lord of York will still be cross in  
talk:

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

*York.* You mean, to bear me, not to bear with  
me:

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;  
Because that I am little, like an ape,

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

*Buck.* [*Aside to HASTINGS.*] With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons !

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,  
He prettily and aptly taunts himself :  
So cunning and so young is wonderful.

*Glo.* My lord, will 't please you pass along !  
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham  
Will to your mother, to entreat of her  
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

*York.* What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord ?

*Prince.* My lord protector needs will have it so.

*York.* I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

*Glo.* Why, what should you fear ?

*York.* Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost :  
My grandam told me he was murdered there.

*Prince.* I fear no uncles dead.

*Glo.* Nor none that live, I hope.

*Prince.* An if they live, I hope I need not fear,  
But come, my lord ; and with a heavy heart,  
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*A Sennet. Exeunt all but GLOSTER, BUCK-  
INGHAM, and CATESBY.*]

*Buck.* Think you, my lord, this little prating  
York

Was not incenséd by his subtle mother  
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously ?

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt : O, 'tis a parlous boy ;  
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable :  
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

*Buck.* Well, let them rest.—Come hither,  
Catesby.

Thou 'rt sworn as deep to effect what we intend  
As closely to conceal what we impart :  
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way ;  
What think'st thou ? is it not an easy matter  
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,  
For the instalment of this noble duke  
In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

*Cate.* He for his father's sake so loves the prince,  
That he will not be won to aught against him.

*Buck.* What think'st thou, then, of Stanley ? will  
not he ?

*Cate.* He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

*Buck.* Well, then, no more but this : go, gentle  
Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,  
How he doth stand affected to our purpose ;  
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,  
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,  
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons :  
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,  
Be thou so too ; and so break off your talk,  
And give us notice of his inclination :  
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,  
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employed.

*Glo.* Commend me to Lord William : tell him,  
Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries  
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle ;  
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,  
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

*Buck.* Good Catesby, go, effect this business  
soundly.

*Cate.* My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

*Glo.* Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

*Cate.* You shall, my lord.

*Glo.* At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both. *[Exit Catesby.]*

*Buck.* Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

*Glo.* Chop off his head, man — somewhat we will do:—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me

The earldom of Hereford, and the movables

Whereof the king my brother stood possessed.

*Buck.* I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.

*Glo.* And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards

We may digest our complots in some form.

*[Exeunt.]*

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SCENE II. Before Lord HASTINGS' House.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord! my lord!

*Hast.* *[Within]* Who knocks?

*Mess.* One from the Lord Stanley.

*Hast.* What is't o'clock?

*Mess.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Enter HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

*Mess.* So it appears by that I have to say.  
First, he commends him to your noble self.

*Hast.* What then?

*Mess.* Then certifies your lordship that this  
night

He dreamt the boar had razed off his helm :  
Besides he says there are two councils held ;  
And that may be determined at the one  
Which may make you and him to rue at the  
other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's  
pleasure,—

If presently you will take horse with him  
And with all speed post with him towards the  
north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

*Hast.* Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord ;  
Bid him not fear the separated councils :  
His honour and myself are at the one,  
And at the other is my good friend Catesby ;  
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us  
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.  
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance :  
And for his dreams, I wonder he's so fond  
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :  
To fly the boar before the boar pursues  
Were to incense the boar to follow us  
And make pursuit where he did mean no  
chase.

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;  
And we will both together to the Tower,  
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

*Mess.* I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you  
say. *[Exit.]*

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cate.* Many good morrows to my noble lord !

*Hast.* Good morrow, Catesby ; you are early stirring :

What news, what news, in this our tottering state ?

*Cate.* It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord ;  
And I believe 'twill never stand upright  
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

*Hast.* How ! wear the garland ! dost thou mean  
the crown ?

*Cate.* Ay, my good lord.

*Hast.* I'll have this crown of mine cut from my  
shoulders

Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?

*Cate.* Ay, on my life ; and hopes to find you  
forward

Upon his party for the gain thereof :

And thereupon he sends you this good news,—

That this same very day your enemies,

The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

*Hast.* Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,  
Because they have been still my adversaries :

But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side  
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,  
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

*Cate.* God keep your lordship in that gracious  
mind !

*Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month  
hence,

That they who brought me in my master's hate  
I live to look upon their tragedy.

I tell thee, Catesby,—

*Cate.* What, my lord?

*Hast.* Ere a fortnight make me older,  
I'll send some packing that yet think not on it.

*Cate.* 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,  
When men are unprepared and look not for it.

*Hast.* O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls  
it out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do  
With some men else, who think themselves as safe  
As thou and I, who, as thou know'st, are dear  
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

*Cate.* The princes both make high account of  
you;—

[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

*Hast.* I know they do; and I have well de-  
served it.

*Enter LORD STANLEY.*

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man!  
Fear you the boar and go so unprovided?

*Stan.* My lord, good morrow;—good morrow,  
Catesby:—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,  
I do not like these several councils, I.

*Hast.* My lord,  
I hold my life as dear as you do yours;  
And never in my life I do protest,  
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:  
Think you, but that I know our state secure,  
I would be so triumphant as I am?

*Stan.* The lords at Pomfret, when they rode  
from London,  
Were jocund, and supposed their state were sure,—  
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;

But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.  
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt :  
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward !—  
What, shall we toward the Tower ? the day is spent.

*Hast.* Come, come, have with you. Wot you  
what, my lord ?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

*Stan.* They, for their truth, might better wear  
their heads

Than some that have accused them wear their hats.  
But come, my lord, let us away.

*Enter a Pursuivant.*

*Hast.* Go on before ; I'll talk with this good  
fellow. [*Exeunt STANLEY and CATESBY.*

How now, sirrah ! how goes the world with thee ?

*Purs.* The better that your lordship please to ask.

*Hast.* I tell thee, man, 't is better with me now  
Than when I met thee last where now we meet :  
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,  
By the suggestion of the queen's allies ;  
But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—  
This day those enemies are put to death.  
And I in better state than e'er I was.

*Purs.* God hold it, to your honour's good content !

*Hast.* Gramercy, fellow : there, drink that for me.

[*Throws him his purse.*

*Purs.* God save your lordship ! [*Exit.*

*Enter a Priest.*

*Priest.* Well met, my lord ; I am glad to see  
your honour.

*Hast.* I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my  
heart.



I'm in your debt for your last exercise ;  
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.  
[*He whispers in his ear.*]

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM.

*Buck.* What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain ?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest ;  
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

*Hast.* Good faith, and when I met this holy man,  
Those men you talk of came into my mind.—  
What, go you toward the Tower ?

*Buck.* I do, my lord ; but long I cannot stay  
there :

I shall return before your lordship thence.

*Hast.* 'T is like enough, for I stay dinner there.

*Buck.* [*Aside.*] And supper too, although thou  
know'st it not.—

Come, will you go ?

*Hast.* I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE III.—Pomfret Castle.

*Enter* Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF, with halberds, carrying RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN to death.

*Riv.* Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this :  
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die  
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

*Grey.* God keep the prince from all the pack of  
you !

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

*Vaug.* You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

*Rat.* Dispatch ; the limit of your lives is out.

*Riv.* O Pomfret, Pomfret ! O thou bloody prison,  
Fatal and ominous to noble peers !

Within the guilty closure of thy walls

Richard the Second here was hacked to death ;

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

*Grey.* Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,

For standing by when Richard stabbed her son.

*Riv.* Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she  
Buckingham,

Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,

To hear her prayers for them, as now for us !

And for my sister and her princely sons,

Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

*Rat.* Make haste ; the hour of death is expiate.

*Riv.* Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us all  
embrace :

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Tower.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of Ely*, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, *with others*, at a table.

*Hast.* My lords, at once : the cause why we are met

Is, to determine of the coronation.

In God's name, speak :—when is the royal day ?

*Buck.* Are all things fitting for that royal time ?

*Stan.* It is, and wants but nomination.

*Ely.* To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

*Buck.* Who knows the lord protector's mind  
herein ?

Who is most inward with the noble duke ?

*Ely.* Your grace, we think, should soonest know  
his mind.

*Buck.* We know each other's faces; for our hearts,  
He knows no more of mine than I of yours,  
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.  
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

*Hast.* I thank his grace, I know he loves me well ;  
But, for his purpose in the coronation,  
I have not sounded him, nor he delivered  
His gracious pleasure any way therein :  
But you, my noble lords, may name the time ;  
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,  
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

*Ely.* In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.  
I have been long a sleeper ; but, I trust,  
My absence doth neglect no great design,  
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

*Buck.* Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,  
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—  
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

*Glo.* Than my Lord Hastings no man might be  
bolder ;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.  
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there :

I do beseech you send for some of them.

*Ely.* Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.  
[*Exit.*

*Glo.* Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.  
[*Drawing him aside.*

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,  
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,  
As he will lose his head ere give consent  
His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,  
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

*Buck.* Withdraw you hence, my lord, I'll follow  
you.

[*Exit GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM following.*

*Stan.* We have not yet set down this day of  
triumph.

To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden ;  
For I myself am not so well provided  
As else I would be were the day prolonged.

*Re-enter Bishop of ELY.*

*Ely.* Where is my lord the Duke of Gloster ?  
I have sent for these strawberries.

*Hast.* His grace looks cheerfully and smooth  
to-day ;

There's some conceit or other likes him well  
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.  
I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom  
That can less hide his love or hate than he ;  
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

*Stan.* What of his heart perceive you in his face  
By any likelihood he showed to-day ?

*Hast.* Marry, that with no man here he is  
offended ;

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

*Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*

*Glo.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve  
That do conspire my death with devilish plots  
Of damnéd witchcraft, and that have prevailed  
Upon my body with their hellish charnis ?

*Hast.* The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,  
Makes me most forward in this noble presence  
To doom the offenders, whatsoe'er they be :  
I say my lord, they have deserved death.

*Glo.* Then be your eyes the witness of this ill :  
See how I am bewitched ; behold mine arm  
Is, like a blasted sapling, withered up :  
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,  
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,  
That by their witchcraft thus have markéd me.

*Hast.* If they have done this thing, my gracious  
lord,—

*Glo.* If ! thou protector of this damnéd strumpet,  
Tellest thou me of 'ifs' ? Thou art a traitor :  
Off with his head ! Now, by Saint Paul I swear  
I will not dine until I see the same.  
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done :  
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and LOVEL.*

*Hast.* Woe, woe for England ! not a whit for me ;  
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.  
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm ;  
But I disdained it, and did scorn to fly :  
Three times to day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,  
And startled, when he looked upon the Tower,  
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.  
O, now I want the priest that spake to me :  
I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As 'twere triúmphing at mine enemies,  
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butchered,  
And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse  
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head !

*Rat.* Dispatch, my lord ; the duke would be at dinner :

Make a short shrift ; he longs to see your head.

*Hast.* O momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !  
Who builds his hopes in air of your fair looks,  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,  
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

*Lov.* Come, come, dispatch ; 'tis bootless to ex-claim.

*Hast.* O bloody Richard ! miserable England !  
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee  
That ever wretched age hath looked upon.  
Come, lead me to the block ; bear him my head :  
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE V.—The Tower-walls.

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten armour,  
marvellous ill-favoured.*

*Glo.* Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change  
thy colour,  
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,  
And then begin again, and stop again,  
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror ?

*Buck.* Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian ;

Speak and look back, and pry on every side,  
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
Intending deep suspicion : ghastly looks  
Are at my service, like enforced smiles ;  
And both are ready in their offices,  
At any time, to grace my stratagems.  
But what, is Catesby gone ?

*Glo.* He is ; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

*Buck.* Let me alone to entertain him.

*Enter the Mayor and CATESBY.*

Lord Mayor,—

*Glo.* Look to the drawbridge there !

*Buck.* Hark ! a drum.

*Glo.* Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

*Buck.* Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for  
you—

*Glo.* Look back, defend thee,—here are enemies.

*Buck.* God and our innocence defend and guard  
us !

*Glo.* Be patient, they are friends,—Ratcliff and  
Lovel.

*Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' head.*

*Lov.* Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,  
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

*Glo.* So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.  
I took him for the plainest harmless creature  
That breathed upon this earth a Christian ;  
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded  
The history of all her secret thoughts :  
So smooth he daubed his vice with show of virtue,  
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—  
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—

He lived from all attainder of suspect.

*Buck.* Well, well, he was the covert'st sheltered traitor

That ever lived.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,—

Were't not that, by great preservation,

We live to tell it you,—the subtle traitor

This day had plotted, in the council-house

To murder me and my good Lord of Gloster?

*May.* What, had he so?

*Glo.* What, think you we are Turks or infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,

Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,

But that the extreme peril of the case,

The peace of England and our persons' safety,

Enforced us to this execution?

*May.* Now, fair befall you! he deserved his death;

And you, my good lords, both have well proceeded,

To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

I never looked for better at his hands,

After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

*Glo.* Yet had not we determined he should die

Until your lordship came to see his end;

Which now the loving haste of these our friends,

Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented:

Because, my lord, we would have had you hear

The traitor speak, and timorously confess

The manner and the purpose of his treason;

That you might well have signified the same

Unto the citizens, who haply may

Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.

*May.* But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,



As well as I had seen and heard him speak :  
And doubt you not, right noble princes both,  
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens  
With all your just proceedings in this case.

*Glo.* And to that end we wished your lordship  
here,  
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

*Buck.* But since you come too late of our intent,  
Yet witness what you hear we did intend :  
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Lord Mayor.*]

*Glo.* Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.  
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :—  
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,  
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :  
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,  
Only for saying he would make his son  
Heir to the crown ; meaning indeed his house,  
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.  
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,  
And bestial appetite in change of lust ;  
Which stretchéd to their servants, daughters, wives,  
Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,  
Without control, listed to make a prey.  
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :—  
Tell them, when that my mother went with child  
Of that unsatiate Edward, noble York  
My princely father then had wars in France ;  
And, by just computation of the time,  
Found that the issue was not his begot ;  
Which well appeared in his lineaments,  
Being nothing like the noble duke my father :  
But touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off ;  
Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.

*Buck.* Fear not, my lord, I'll play the orator  
As if the golden fee for which I plead  
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

*Glo.* If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's  
Castle;

Where you shall find me well accompanied  
With reverend fathers and well-learnéd bishops.

*Buck.* I go; and towards three or four o'clock  
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit.*  
*Glo.* Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw,—  
[*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker;—bid them  
both

Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*

Now will I in, to take some privy order,  
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;  
And to give notice, that no manner person  
Have any time recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

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SCENE VI.—The Same. A Street.

*Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand.*

*Scriv.* This is the indictment of the good Lord  
Hastings;

Which in a set hand fairly is engrossed,  
That it may be this day read o'er in Paul's.  
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—  
Eleven hours I spent to write it over,  
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me;  
The precedent was full as long a-doing:  
And yet within these five hours Hastings lived,

Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.  
Here's a good world the while ! Why who's so  
gross,  
That cannot see this palpable device ?  
Yet who's so bold, but says he sees it not ?  
Bad is the world ; and all will come to naught,  
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.  
[Exit.

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SCENE VII.—Court of Baynard's Castle.

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, at several doors.*

*Glo.* How now, how now ! what say the citizens ?

*Buck.* Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,  
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

*Glo.* Touched you the bastardy of Edward's  
children ?

*Buck.* I did ; with this contract with Lady Lucy,  
And his contract by deputy in France ;  
The insatiate greediness of his desires,  
And his enforcement of the city wives ;  
His tyranny for trifles ; his own bastardy,—  
As being got, your father then in France,  
And his resemblance, being not like the duke :  
Withal I did infer your lineaments,—  
Being the right idea of your father,  
Both in your form and nobleness of mind ;  
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,  
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;  
Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose  
Untouched, or slightly handled, in discourse :

And when mine oratory grew toward end,  
I bid them that did love their country's good  
Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king!'

*Glo.* And did they so?

*Buck.* No, so God help me, they spake not a  
word;

But, like dumb statuas or breathing stones,  
Stared each on other, and looked deadly pale.  
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;  
And asked the mayor what meant this wilful  
silence:

His answer was, the people were not wont  
To be spoke to but by the récorder.  
Then he was urged to tell my tale again,  
'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferred;'  
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.  
When he had done, some followers of mine own,  
At lower end of the hall, hurled up their caps,  
And some ten voices cried 'God save King  
Richard!'

And thus I took the vantage of those few,  
'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I;  
'This general applause and loving shout  
Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard: '  
And even here brake off, and came away.

*Glo.* What tongueless blocks were they! would  
they not speak?

*Buck.* No, by my troth, my lord.

*Glo.* Will not the mayor then and his brethren  
come?

*Buck.* The mayor is here at hand: intend some fear;  
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:  
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,  
And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord;

For on that ground I'll build a holy descant :  
And be not easily won to our request :  
Play the maid's part,—still answer nay, and take it.  
*Glo.* I go ; and if you plead as well for them  
As I can say nay to thee for myself,  
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

*Buck.* Go, go, up to the leads ; the lord mayor  
knocks. [Exit GLOSTER]

*Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.*

Welcome, my lord : I dance attendance here ;  
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

*Enter from the Castle CATESBY.*

Here comes his servant : how now, Catesby,  
What says he ?

*Cate.* My lord, he doth entreat your grace  
To visit him to-morrow or next day :  
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,  
Divinely bent to meditation ;  
And in no worldly suit would he be moved  
To draw him from his holy exercise.

*Buck.* Return, good Catesby, to the gracious  
duke ;  
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,  
In deep designs and matters of great moment,  
No less importing than our general good,  
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

*Cate.* I'll signify so much unto him straight.  
[Exit]

*Buck.* Ah, ah, my lord, this prince is not an  
Edward !  
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,  
But on his knees at meditation ;

Not dallying with a brace of courtesans,  
But meditating with two deep divines ;  
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,  
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul :  
Happy were England, would this gracious prince  
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof :  
But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to 't.

*May.* Marry, God forbid his grace should say us  
nay !

*Buck.* I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.

*Re-enter CATESBY.*

Now, Catesby, what says his grace ?

*Cate.* He wonders to what end you have  
assembled

Such troops of citizens to come to him,  
His grace not being warned thereof before :  
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

*Buck.* Sorry I am my noble cousin should  
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him :  
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love ;  
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[*Exit CATESBY.*

When holy and devout religious men  
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,—  
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOSTER aloft, between two Bishops.*

*CATESBY returns.*

*May.* See, where he stands between two clergy-  
men !

*Buck.* Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,  
To stay him from the fall of vanity :  
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,

True ornament to know a holy man.--  
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,  
Lend favourable ears to our request;  
And pardon us the interruption  
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

*Glo.* My lord, there needs no such apology:  
I rather do beseech you pardon me,  
Who, earnest in the service of my God,  
Neglect the visitation of my friends.  
But leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

*Buck.* Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God  
above,  
And all good men of this ungoverned isle.

*Glo.* I do suspect I have done some offence  
That seems disgracious in the city's eyes,  
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

*Buck.* You have, my lord: would it might  
please your grace,  
At our entreaties, to amend that fault!

*Glo.* Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

*Buck.* Know then, it is your fault that you resign  
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,  
The sceptered office of your ancestors,  
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,  
The lineal glory of your royal house,  
To the corruption of a blemished stock:  
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts—  
Which here we waken to our country's good—  
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;  
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,  
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,  
And almost shouldered in the swallowing gulf  
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.  
Which to recure, we heartily solicit

Your gracious self to take on you the charge  
And kingly government of this your land ;—  
Not as protector, steward, substitute,  
Or lowly factor for another's gain ;  
But as successively, from blood to blood,  
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.  
For this, consorted with the citizens,  
Your very worshipful and loving friends,  
And by their vehement instigation,  
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

*Glo.* I cannot tell if to depart in silence  
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof  
Best fitteth my degree or your condition :  
If not to answer, you might haply think  
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded  
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,  
Which fondly you would here impose on me ;  
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,  
So seasoned with your faithful love to me,  
Then, on the other side, I checked my friends.  
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,  
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,  
Definitively thus I answer you.  
Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert  
Unmeritable shuns your high request.  
First, if all obstacles were cut away,  
And that my path were even to the crown,  
As the ripe revenue and due by birth ;  
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
So mighty and so many my defects,  
As I had rather hide me from my greatness,—  
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—  
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
And in the vapour of my glory smothered.



But, God be thanked, there is no need of me,  
And much I need to help you, if need were ;—  
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,  
Will well become the seat of majesty,  
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign  
On him I lay what you would lay on me,—  
The right and fortune of his happy stars ;  
Which God defend that I should wring from him !

*Buck.* My lord, this argues conscience in your  
grace ;

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,  
All circumstances well considered.  
You say that Edward is your brother's son :  
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife ;  
For first he was contract to Lady Lucy—  
Your mother lives a witness to his vow,—  
And afterwards by substitute betrothed  
To Bona, sister to the King of France.  
These both put by, a poor petitioner,  
A care-crazed mother of a many children,  
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,  
Even in the afternoon of her best days,  
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,  
Seduced the pitch and height of his degree  
To base declension and loathed bigamy :  
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got  
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.  
More bitterly could I expostulate,  
Save that, for reverence to some alive,  
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.  
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self  
This proffered benefit of dignity ,  
If not to bless us and the land withal,

Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry  
From the corruption of abusing time,  
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

*May.* Do, good, my lord ; your citizens entreat  
you,

*Buck.* Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffered  
love.

*Cate.* O, make them joyful, grant their lawful  
suit !

*Glo.* Alas, why would you heap these cares  
on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty :—

I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;

I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

*Buck.* If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,

Loth to depose the child, your brother's son ;

As well we know your tenderness of heart,

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,

Which we have noted in you to your kin,

And egally indeed to all estates,—

Yet whether you accept our suit or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;

But we will plant some other in the throne,

To the disgrace and downfall of your house :

And in this resolution here we leave you.—

Come, citizens : zounds, I'll entreat no more.

*Glo.* O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM with some of the Citizens.*]

*Cate.* Call them again, sweet prince, accept their  
suit.

If you deny them all the land will rue it.

*Glo.* Would you enforce me to a world of care ?

Call them again. [*CATESBY goes to the Mayor, &c.,  
and then exit.*] I am not made of stones,

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But penetrable to your kind entreats,  
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and CATESBY, the Mayor, &c.,  
coming forward.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,  
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,  
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,  
I must have patience to endure the load :  
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach  
Attend the sequel of your imposition,  
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me  
From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;  
For God He knows, and you may partly see,  
How far I am from the desire of this.

*May.* God bless your grace ! we see it, and will  
say it.

*Glo.* In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

*Buck.* Then I salute you with this kingly title :  
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king !

*May. and Cit.* Amen.

*Buck.* To-morrow may it please you to be  
crowned ?

*Glo.* Even when you please, since you will have  
it so.

*Buck.* To-morrow, then, we will attend your  
grace :

And so most joyfully we take our leave.

*Glo.* Come, let us to our holy task again.—  
Farewell, good cousin ;—farewell, gentle friends.

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. Before the Tower.

*Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Duchess of YORK, and Marquess of DORSET; on the other, ANNE, Duchess of GLOSTER, leading Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S young Daughter.*

*Duch.* Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet.

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?  
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,  
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes.  
Daughter, well met.

*Anne.* God give your graces both  
A happy and a joyful time of day!

*Q. Eliz.* As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

*Anne.* No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,  
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,  
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

*Q. Eliz.* Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.

*Enter BRAKENBURY.*

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,  
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

*Brak.* Right well, dear madam. By your patience,  
I may not suffer you to visit them;

The king hath straitly charged the contrary.

*Q. Eliz.* The king ! who 's that ?

*Brak.* I mean the lord protector.

*Q. Eliz.* The Lord protect him from that kingly title !

Hath he set bounds between their love and me ?

I am their mother ; who shall bar me from them ?

*Duch.* I am their father's mother ; I will see them.

*Anne.* Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother :

Then bring me to their sights ; I'll bear thy blame  
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

*Brak.* No, madam, no,—I may not leave it so :  
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit.*

*Enter STANLEY.*

*Stan.* Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour  
hence,

And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,  
And reverend looker on, of two fair queens.

[*To Anne*] Come, madam, you must straight to  
Westminster,

There to be crownéd Richard's royal queen

*Q. Eliz.* Ah, cut my lace in sunder,  
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,  
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news !

*Anne.* Despiteful tidings ! O unpleasing news !

*Dor.* Be of good cheer :—mother, how fares  
your grace ?

*Q. Eliz.* O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee  
hence !

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels ;

Thy mother's name is ominous to children.  
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,  
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell :  
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,  
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,  
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—  
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

*Stan.* Full of wise care is this your counsel,  
madam.—

Take all the swift advantage of the hours ;  
You shall have letters from me to my son  
In your behalf, to meet you on the way :  
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

*Duch.* O ill-dispersing wind of misery !—  
O my accurséd womb, the bed of death !  
A cockatrice hast thou hatched to the world,  
Whose unavowed eye is murderous.

*Stan.* Come, madam, come ; I in all haste was sent.

*Anne.* And I in all unwillingness will go.—  
I would to God that the inclusive verge  
Of golden metal that must round my brow  
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain !  
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,  
And die, ere men can say, God save the queen !

*Q. Eliz.* Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory ;  
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

*Anne.* No ! why ?—When he that is my husband  
now

Came to me, as I followed Henry's corse,  
When scarce the blood was well washed from his  
hands  
Which issued from my other angel husband  
And that dead saint which then I weeping fol-  
lowed ;

O, when, I say, I looked on Richard's face,  
This was my wish,—‘Be thou,’ quoth I, ‘accursed,  
For making me, so young, so old a widow !  
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed ;  
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—  
As miserable by the life of thee  
As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !’  
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,  
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart  
Grossly grew captive to his honey words.  
And proved the subject of mine own soul's curse,  
Which ever since hath kept mine eyes from rest ;  
For never yet one hour in his bed  
Have I enjoyed the golden dew of sleep,  
But have been wakéd by his timorous dreams.  
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick ;  
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

*Q. Eliz.* Poor heart, adieu ! I pity thy complaining.

*Anne.* No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

*Q. Eliz.* Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory !

*Anne.* Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it !

*Duch.* [*To Dorset*] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee !

[*To Anne*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard thee !

[*To Queen Eliz.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee !

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me !  
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wrecked with a week of teen.

*Q. Eliz.* Stay, yet look back with me unto the  
Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes  
Whom envy hath immured within your walls,  
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones !  
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow  
For tender princes, use my babies well !  
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.—London. A Room of State in the  
Palace.

*Sennet. Enter RICHARD, crowned ; BUCKINGHAM,  
CATESBY, a Page, and others.*

*K. Rich.* Stand all apart.—Cousin of Bucking-  
ham,—

*Buck.* My gracious sovereign ?

*K. Rich.* Give me thy hand. [*Ascendeth the  
throne.*] Thus high, by thy advice

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated :

But shall we wear these honours for a day ?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?

*Buck.* Still live they and for ever let them last !

*K. Rich.* O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,  
To try if thou be current gold indeed :—

Young Edward lives :—think now what I would  
speak.

*Buck.* Say on, my loving lord.

*K. Rich.* Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be  
king.



*Buck.* Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.

*K. Rich.* Ha! am I king? 't is so :—but Edward lives.

*Buck.* True, noble prince.

*K. Rich.* O bitter consequence,  
That Edward still should live! 'True, noble  
prince!'—

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull :

Shall I be plain?—I wish the bastards dead ;

And I would have it suddenly performed.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly ; be brief.

*Buck.* Your grace may do your pleasure.

*K. Rich.* Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness  
freezes :

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

*Buck.* Give me some breath, some little pause,  
my lord,

Before I positively speak herein :

I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit.*]

*Cate.* [*Aside to a stander-by*] The king is angry :  
see, he bites the lip.

*K. Rich.* I will converse with iron-witted fools  
[*Descends from his throne.*]

And unrespective boys : none are for me

That look into me with considerate eyes :

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—

Boy!—

*Page.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* Know'st thou not any whom corrupting  
gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

*Page.* My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,  
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:  
Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

*K. Rich.* What is his name?

*Page.* His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

*K. Rich.* I partly know the man: go, call him  
hither. [*Exit Page.*]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham  
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:  
Hath he so long held out with me untired,  
And stops he now for breath?—Well, be it so.

*Enter STANLEY.*

How now! what news with you?

*Stan.* My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's  
fled

To Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas  
Where he abides. [*Stands apart.*]

*K. Rich.* Come hither, Catesby! Rumour it  
abroad

That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;  
I will take order for her keeping close.  
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,  
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence's daughter;—  
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—  
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out  
That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die:  
About it; for it stands me much upon,  
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,  
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.—  
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!  
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in  
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin:  
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

*Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.*

Is thy name Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

*K. Rich.* Art thou, indeed?

*Tyr.* Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

*K. Rich.* Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

*Tyr.* Ay, my lord;

But I had rather kill two enemies.

*K. Rich.* Why, there thou hast it: two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers,  
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:—  
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

*Tyr.* Let me have open means to come to them,  
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

*K. Rich.* Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:

Go, by this token:—rise, and lend thine ear:

[*Whispera.*

There is no more but so:—say it is done,  
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

*Tyr.* 'Tis done, my gracious lord.

*K. Rich.* Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we sleep?

*Tyr.* Ye shall, my lord. [Exit.]

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.*

*Buck.* My lord, I have considered in my mind  
The late demand that you did sound me in.

*K. Rich.* Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled to  
Richmond.

*Buck.* I hear that news, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, he is your wife's son:—well,  
look to it.

*Buck.* My lord, I claim the gift, my due by  
promise,

For which your honour and your faith is pawned;  
Th' earldom of Hereford and the moveables

The which you promised I should possess.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, look to your wife: if she  
convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

*Buck.* What says your highness to my just  
demand?

*K. Rich.* As I remember, Henry the Sixth  
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,  
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps,—

*Buck.* My lord!—

*K. Rich.* How chance the prophet could not at  
that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

*Buck.* My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

*K. Rich.* Richmond!—when last I was at Exeter,  
The mayor in courtesy showed me the castle,  
And called it Rougemont: at which name I started,  
Because a bard of Ireland told me once  
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

*Buck.* My lord!—

*K. Rich.* Ay, what's o'clock?

*Buck.* I am thus bold to put your grace in mind  
Of what you promised me.

*K. Rich.* Well, but what's o'clock?

*Buck.* Upon the stroke of ten.

*K. Rich.* Well, let it strike.

*Buck.* Why let it strike?

*K. Rich.* Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st  
the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

*Buck.* Why, then resolve me whether you will  
or no.

*K. Rich.* Thou troublest me; I am not in the  
vein. [*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM.*]

*Buck.* Is it even so? rewards he my true service  
With such contempt? made I him king for this?  
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone  
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on! [*Exit.*]

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SCENE III.—Another Room in the Palace.

*Enter TYRREL.*

*Tyr.* The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,—  
The most arch act of piteous massacre  
That ever yet this land was guilty of.  
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,  
Although they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,  
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion,  
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad story.  
'Lo thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender babes :'  
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another  
Within their innocent alabaster arms :  
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
Which in their summer beauty kissed each other.  
A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;

Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my  
mind;  
But O! the devil'—there the villain stopped;  
Whilst Dighton thus told on :—'We smotheréd  
The most replenishéd sweet work of nature  
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'  
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;  
They could not speak; and so I left them both,  
To bring this tidings to the bloody king :—  
And here he comes.

*Enter King RICHARD.*

All health, my sovereign liege!

*K. Rich.* Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

*Tyr.* If to have done the thing you gave in  
charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,  
For it is done.

*K. Rich.* But didst thou see them dead?

*Tyr.* I did, my lord.

*K. Rich.* And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;  
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

*K. Rich.* Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,  
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.  
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,  
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till then. *[Exit TYRREL.]*

The son of Clarence have I pent up close;  
His daughter meanly have I matched in marriage;  
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,  
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.  
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims  
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,

And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,  
To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cate.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* Good news or bad, that thou com'st in  
so bluntly ?

*Cate.* Bad news, my lord : Ely is fled to Richmond ;

And Buckingham, backed with the hardy Welshmen,

Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

*K. Rich.* Ely with Richmond troubles me more  
near

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.

Come,—I have learned that fearful commenting

Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;

Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary :

Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king !

Come, muster men : my counsel is my shield ;

We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE IV.—Before the Palace.

*Enter Queen MARGARET.*

*Q. Mar.* So, now prosperity begins to mellow  
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

Here in these confines sily have I lurked,

To watch the waning of mine enemies.

A dire induction am I witness to,

And will to France ; hoping the consequence

Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.—  
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes  
here?

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH and the Duchess of YORK.*

*Q. Eliz.* Ah, my young princes! ah, my tender  
babes!

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!  
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air  
And be not fixed in doom perpetual,  
Hover about me with your airy wings  
And hear your mother's lamentation!

*Q. Mar.* [*Aside*] Hover about her; say, that  
right for right

Hath dimmed your infant morn to aged night.

*Duch.* So many miseries have crazed my voice,  
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.  
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

*Q. Mar.* [*Aside*] Plantagenet doth quit Plan-  
tagenet,

Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

*Q. Eliz.* Wilt Thou, O God, fly from such gentle  
lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?  
When didst Thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

*Q. Mar.* [*Aside*] When holy Harry died, and  
my sweet son.

*Duch.* Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living  
ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life  
usurped,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,  
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*]



Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood !

*Q. Eliz.* Ah, that thou wouldst as well afford a  
grave

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat !

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.

Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but I ?

[*Sitting down by her.*]

*Q. Mar.* [*Coming forward*] If ancient sorrow be  
most reverend,

Give mine the benefit of seniory,

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society,

[*Sitting down with them.*]

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine :—

I had an Edward, till a Richard killed him ;

I had a Harry, till a Richard killed him :

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard killed him ;

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard killed him.

*Duch.* I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill  
him ;

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

*Q. Mar.* Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard  
killed him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death :

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood ;

That foul defacer of God's handiwork ;

That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,

That reigns in galléd eyes of weeping souls,—

Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves,—

O upright, just, and true-disposing God,

How do I thank Thee, that this carnal cur

Preys on the issue of his mother's body,

And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan !

*Duch.* O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes !  
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

*Q. Mar.* Bear with me ; I am hungry for revenge,  
And now I cloy me with beholding it.  
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabbed my Edward ;  
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;  
Young York he is but boot, because both they  
Match not the high perfection of my loss :  
Thy Clarence he is dead that killed my Edward ;  
And the beholders of this tragic play,  
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,  
Untimely smothered in their dusky graves.  
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,  
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls  
And send them thither :—but at hand, at hand,  
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :  
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,  
To have him suddenly conveyed away.  
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,  
That I may live to say, The dog is dead !

*Q. Eliz.* O, thou didst prophesy the time would  
come  
That I should wish for thee to help me curse  
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-backed toad !

*Q. Mar.* I called thee then, vain flourish of my  
fortune,  
I called thee then poor shadow, painted queen ;  
The presentation of but what I was,  
The flattering index of a direful pageant ;  
One heaved a-high, to be hurled down below ;  
A mother only mocked with two sweet babes ;  
A dream of what thou wert ; a breath, a bubble ;  
A sign of dignity, a garish flag

To be the aim of every dangerous shot ;  
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.  
Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?  
Where be thy two sons ? wherein dost thou joy ?  
Who sues to thee, and cries, ' God save the queen ' ?  
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee ?  
Where be the thronging troops that followed thee ?  
Decline all this, and see what now thou art :  
For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;  
For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;  
For queen, a very caitiff crowned with care ;  
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;  
For one that scorned at me, now scorned of me ;  
For one being feared of all, now fearing one ;  
For one commanding all, obeyed of none.  
Thus hath the course of justice wheeled about,  
And left thee but a very prey to time ;  
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,  
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.  
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not  
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?  
Now thy proud neck bears half my burdened yoke ;  
From which even here I slip my weary neck,  
And leave the burden of it all on thee.  
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mis-  
chance :—

These English woes will make me smile in France.

*Q. Eliz.* O thou well skilled in curses, stay  
awhile,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies !

*Q. Mar.* Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the  
day ;

Compare dead happiness with living woe ;

Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,

And he that slew them fouler than he is :  
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse :  
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

*Q. Eliz.* My words 'are dull ; O, quicken them  
with thine !

*Q. Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharp, and  
pierce like mine. [*Exit.*

*Duch.* Why should calamity be full of words ?

*Q. Eliz.* Windy attorneys to their client woes,  
Airy succeders of intestate joys,  
Poor breathing orators of miseries !  
Let them have scope : though what they do impart  
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

*Duch.* If so, then be not tongue-tied : go with  
me,

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother  
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smothered.  
I hear his drum :—be copious in exclams.

*Enter King RICHARD, marching, with drums and  
trumpets.*

*K. Rich.* Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

*Duch.* O, she that might have intercepted thee,  
By strangling thee in her accurséd womb,  
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast  
done !

*Q. Eliz.* Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden  
crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,  
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,  
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers ?  
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children ?

*Duch.* Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy  
brother Clarence ?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son ?

*Q. Eliz.* Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan,  
Grey ?

*Duch.* Where is kind Hastings ?

*K. Rich.* A flourish, trumpets ! strike alarum,  
drums !

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women  
Rail on the Lord's anointed : strike, I say !

[*Flourish. Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,  
Or with the clamorous report of war  
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

*Duch.* Art thou my son ?

*K. Rich.* Ay, I thank God, my father, and  
yourself.

*Duch.* Then patiently hear my impatience.

*K. Rich.* Madam, I have a touch of your  
condition,

Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.

*Duch.* O, let me speak !

*K. Rich.* Do then ; but I'll not hear.

*Duch.* I will be mild and gentle in my words.

*K. Rich.* And brief, good mother ; for I am in  
haste.

*Duch.* Art thou so hasty ? I have stayed for thee,  
God knows, in torment and in agony.

*K. Rich.* And came I not at last to comfort you ?

*Duch.* No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it  
well,

Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burthen was thy birth to me ;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and  
furious ;

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,  
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtle, bloody,  
treacherous,

More mild, but yet more harmful,—kind in hatred :  
What comfortable hour canst thou name,  
That ever graced me in thy company ?

*K. Rich.* Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that  
called your grace

To breakfast once forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your eye,

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.

Strike up the drum.

*Duch.* I prithee, hear me speak.

*K. Rich.* You speak too bitterly.

*Duch.* Hear me a word ;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

*K. Rich.* So.

*Duch.* Either thou 'lt die, by God's just ordinance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,

And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse ;

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more

Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st !

My prayers on the adverse party fight ;

And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,

And promise them success and victory,

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;

Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[*Exit.*

*Q. Eliz.* Though far more cause, yet much less  
spirit to curse

Abides in me ; I say amen to all.

[*Going.*

*K. Rich.* Stay, madam; I must speak a word with you.

*Q. Eliz.* I have no more sons of the royal blood  
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—  
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;  
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

*K. Rich.* You have a daughter called Elizabeth,  
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

*Q. Eliz.* And must she die for this? O, let her live,  
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;  
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;  
Throw over her the veil of infamy:  
So she may live unscarred of bleeding slaughter,  
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

*K. Rich.* Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

*Q. Eliz.* To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

*K. Rich.* Her life is safest only in her birth.

*Q. Eliz.* And only in that safety died her brothers.

*K. Rich.* Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

*Q. Eliz.* No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

*K. Rich.* All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

*Q. Eliz.* True, when avoided grace makes destiny:  
My babes were destined to a fairer death,  
If grace had blessed thee with a fairer life.

*K. Rich.* You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

*Q. Eliz.* Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle  
cozened  
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,  
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction :  
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt.  
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,  
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.  
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,  
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys.  
Till that my nails were anchored in thine eyes ;  
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,  
Like a poor bark of sails and tackling reft,  
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

*K. Rich.* Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise  
And dangerous success of bloody wars,  
As I intend more good to you and yours  
Than ever you or yours were by me wronged !

*Q. Eliz.* What good is covered with the face of  
heaven,  
To be discovered, that can do me good ?

*K. Rich.* The advancement of your children,  
gentle lady.

*Q. Eliz.* Up to some scaffold, there to lose their  
heads ?

*K. Rich.* No, to the dignity and height of honour,  
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

*Q. Eliz.* Flatter my sorrows with report of it ;  
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,  
Canst thou demise to any child of mine ?

*K. Rich.* Even all I have ; yea, and myself and all,  
Will I withal endow a child of thine ;  
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul  
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs  
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

*Q. Eliz.* Be brief, lest that the process of thy  
kindness



Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

*K. Rich.* Then know, that from my soul I love  
thy daughter.

*Q. Eliz.* My daughter's mother thinks it with  
her soul.

*K. Rich.* What do you think ?

*Q. Eliz.* That thou dost love my daughter from  
thy soul :

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers ;  
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

*K. Rich.* Be not so hasty to confound my mean-  
ing :

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,  
And do intend to make her queen of England.

*Q. Eliz.* Say then, who dost thou mean shall be  
her king ?

*K. Rich.* Even he that makes her queen : who  
else should be ?

*Q. Eliz.* What, thou ?

*K. Rich.* Even I : what think you of it, madam ?

*Q. Eliz.* How canst thou woo her ?

*K. Rich.* That would I learn of you,  
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

*Q. Eliz.* And wilt thou learn of me ?

*K. Rich.* Madam, with all my heart.

*Q. Eliz.* Send to her, by the man that slew her  
brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engraven  
'Edward and York ;' then haply will she weep :  
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret  
Did to thy father, steeped in Rutland's blood,—  
A handkerchief ; which, say to her, did drain  
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,  
And bid her dry her weeping eyes withal.

If this inducement force her not to love,  
Send her a story of thy noble deeds ;  
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,  
Her uncle Rivers ; yea, and, for her sake,  
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

*K. Rich.* You mock me, madam ; this is not the  
way

To win your daughter.

*Q. Eliz.* There's no other way ;  
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,  
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

*K. Rich.* Say that I did all this for love of her.

*Q. Eliz.* Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but  
hate thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

*K. Rich.* Look, what is done cannot be now  
amended :

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
Which after hours give leisure to repent.  
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,  
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.  
If I have killed the issue of your womb,  
To quicken your increase, I will beget  
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter :  
A grandam's name is little less in love  
Than is the doting title of a mother ;  
They are as children but one step below,  
Even of your mettle, of your very blood ;  
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans  
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.  
Your children were vexation to your youth,  
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.  
The loss you have is but a son being king,  
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.

I cannot make you what amends I would,  
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.  
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul  
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,  
This fair alliance quickly shall call home  
To high promotions and great dignity :  
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,  
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother ;  
Again shall you be mother to a king,  
And all the ruins of distressful times  
Repaired with double riches of content.  
What ! we have many goodly days to see :  
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed  
Shall come again, transformed to orient pearl,  
Advantaging their loan with interest  
Of ten times double gain of happiness.  
Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go ;  
Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;  
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;  
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame  
Of golden sovereignty ; acquaint the princess  
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys :  
And when this arm of mine hath chastised  
The petty rebel, dull-brained Buckingham,  
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come  
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;  
To whom I will retail my conquest won,  
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

*Q. Eliz.* What were I best to say ? her father's  
brother

Would be her lord ? or shall I say, her uncle ?  
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles ?  
Under what title shall I woo for thee,  
That God, the law, my honour and her love,

Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

*K. Rich.* Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

*Q. Eliz.* Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

*K. Rich.* Tell her the king, that may command, entreats.

*Q. Eliz.* That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

*K. Rich.* Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

*Q. Eliz.* To wail the title, as her mother doth.

*K. Rich.* Say, I will love her everlastingly.

*Q. Eliz.* But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

*K. Rich.* Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

*Q. Eliz.* But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

*K. Rich.* So long as heaven and nature lengthen it.

*Q. Eliz.* So long as hell and Richard like of it.

*K. Rich.* Say I, her sovereign, am her subject love.

*Q. Eliz.* But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

*K. Rich.* Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

*Q. Eliz.* An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

*K. Rich.* Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

*Q. Eliz.* Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

*K. Rich.* Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

*Q. Eliz.* O no, my reasons are too deep and  
dead ;

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.

*K. Rich.* Harp not on that string, madam ; that  
is past.

*Q. Eliz.* Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings  
break.

*K. Rich.* Now, by my George, my garter, and  
my crown,—

*Q. Eliz.* Profaned, dishonoured, and the third  
usurped.

*K. Rich.* I swear—

*Q. Eliz.* By nothing ; for this is no oath :  
The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour ;  
The garter, blemished, pawned his knightly virtue ;  
The crown, usurped, disgraced his kingly glory.  
If something thou wilt swear to be believed,  
Swear then by something that thou hast not  
wronged.

*K. Rich.* Now, by the world—

*Q. Eliz.* 'T is full of thy foul wrongs

*K. Rich.* My father's death—

*Q. Eliz.* Thy life hath that dishonoured.

*K. Rich.* Then, by myself—

*Q. Eliz.* Thyself is self misused.

*K. Rich.* Why then, by God—

*Q. Eliz.* God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst feared to break an oath by Him,  
The unity the king thy brother made  
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain :  
If thou hadst feared to break an oath by Him,  
The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,  
Had graced the tender temples of my child,  
And both the princes had been breathing here,

Which now, too tender bedfellows for dust,  
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.  
What canst thou swear by now ?

*K. Rich.* The time to come.

*Q. Eliz.* That thou hast wronged in the time  
o'erpast ;

For I myself have many tears to wash  
Hereafter time, for time past wronged by thee.  
The children live, whose parents thou hast  
slaughtered,

Ungoverned youth, to wail it in their age ;  
The parents live, whose children thou hast  
butchered,

Old withered plants, to wail it with their age.  
Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast  
Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.

*K. Rich.* As I intend to prosper and repent,  
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt  
Of hostile arms ! myself myself confound !  
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours !  
Day, yield me not thy light ; nor, night, thy rest !  
Be opposite all planets of good luck  
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,  
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,  
I tender not thy beautiful princely daughter !  
In her consists my happiness and thine ;  
Without her, follows to this land and me,  
To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,  
Death, desolation, ruin and decay :  
It cannot be avoided but by this ;  
It will not be avoided but by this.  
Therefore, dear mother,—I must call you so—  
Be the attorney of my love to her :  
Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;

Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :  
Urge the necessity and state of times,  
And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I forget myself to be myself ?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong  
yourself.

*Q. Eliz.* But thou didst kill my children.

*K. Rich.* But in your daughter's womb I'll  
bury them :

Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed  
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

*K. Rich.* And be a happy mother by the deed.

*Q. Eliz.* I go.—Write to me very shortly,  
And you shall understand from me her mind.

*K. Rich.* Bear her my true love's kiss, and so  
farewell. [*Exit Queen ELIZABETH.*]

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman !

*Enter RATCLIFF ; CATESBY following.*

How now ! what news ?

*Rat.* My gracious sovereign, on the western  
coast

Rideth a puissant navy ; to the shore  
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,  
Unarmed, and unresolved to beat them back :  
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;  
And there they hull, expecting but the aid  
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

*K. Rich.* Some light-foot friend post to the Duke  
of Norfolk :—

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby ; where is he ?

*Cate.* Here, my good lord.

*K. Rich.* Fly to the duke :—[*To Ratcliff*] Post thou to Salisbury :

When thou com'st thither,—[*To Catesby*] Dull, unmindful villain,

Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke ?

*Cate.* First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

*K. Rich.* O true, good Catesby : bid him levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,  
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

*Cate.* I go. [*Exit.*]

*Rat.* What may it please you I shall do at Salisbury ?

*K. Rich.* Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go ?

*Rat.* Your highness told me I should post before.

*K. Rich.* My mind is changed.

*Enter* STANLEY.

Stanley, what news with you ?

*Stan.* None good, my lord, to please you with the hearing ;

Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

*K. Rich.* Hoyday, a riddle ! neither good nor bad !

What need'st thou run so many miles about,  
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way ?  
Once more, what news ?

*Stan.* Richmond is on the seas.

*K. Rich.* There let him sink, and be the seas on him !



White-livered runagate, what doth he there ?

— *Stan.* I know not, mighty sovereign, but by  
guess.

*K. Rich.* Well, as you guess ?

— *Stan.* Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham, and  
Ely,

• He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

*K. Rich.* Is the chair empty ? is the sword un-  
swayed ?

Is the king dead ? the empire unpossessed ?

What heir of York is there alive but we ?

And who is England's king but great York's heir ?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas ?

— *Stan.* Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

*K. Rich.* Unless for that he comes to be your  
liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

— *Stan.* No, mighty liege ; therefore mistrust me  
not.

*K. Rich.* Where is thy power, then, to beat him  
back ?

Where are thy tenants and thy followers ?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships ?

— *Stan.* No, my good lord, my friends are in the  
north.

*K. Rich.* Cold friends to Richard, what do they  
in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the  
west ?

— *Stan.* They have not been commanded, mighty  
king :

Please it your majesty to give me leave,

I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace  
Where and what time your majesty shall please.

*K. Rich.* Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join  
with Richmond :

I will not trust you, sir.

— *Stan.* Most mighty sovereign,  
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:  
I never was nor never will be false.

*K. Rich.* Well,  
Go muster men. But, hear you, leave behind  
Your son, George Stanley : look your faith be firm,  
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

— *Stan.* So deal with him as I prove true to you.  
[*Exit.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,  
As I by friends am well advertised,  
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate  
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,  
With many more confederates, are in arms.

*Enter a second Messenger.*

*Sec. Mess.* My liege, in Kent the Guildfords are  
in arms ;  
And every hour more competitors  
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

*Enter a third Messenger.*

*Third Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buck-  
ingham—

*K. Rich.* Out on you, owls ! nothing but songs  
of death ? [He striketh him.

Take that until thou bring me better news.

*Third Mess.* The news I have to tell your majesty

Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,  
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scattered ;  
And he himself wandered away alone,  
No man knows whither.

*K. Rich.* O, I cry thee mercy :  
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.  
Hath any well-advised friend proclaimed  
Reward to him that brings the traitor in ?

*Third Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made,  
my liege.

*Enter a fourth Messenger.*

*Fourth Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord  
Marquis Dorset,  
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.  
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,  
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest :  
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat  
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks  
If they were his assistants, yea or no ;  
Who answered him they came from Buckingham  
Upon his party : he, mistrusting them,  
Hoist sail and made away for Brittany.

*K. Rich.* March on, march on, since we are up  
in arms ;  
If not to fight with foreign enemies,  
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

*Re-enter CATESBY.*

*Cate.* My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is  
taken,—  
That is the best news : that the Earl of Richmond  
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,  
Is colder tidings yet they must be told.

*K. Rich.* Away towards Salisbury ! while we  
reason here,  
A royal battle might be won and lost :—  
Some one take order Buckingham be brought  
To Salisbury ; the rest march on with me.  
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

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SCENE V.—LORD DERBY'S House.

*Enter STANLEY and Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.*

*Stan.* Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from  
me :—

That in the sty of this most bloody boar  
My son George Stanley is franked up in hold :  
If I revolt, off goes young George's head ;  
The fear of that withholds my present aid.  
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

*Chris.* At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west in  
Wales.

*Stan.* What men of name resort to him ?

*Chris.* Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;  
Sir Gilbert Talbot and Sir William Stanley ;  
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,  
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;  
And many more of noble fame and worth :  
And towards London they do bend their course,  
If by the way they be not fought withal.

*Stan.* Return unto thy lord ; commend me to him :  
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented  
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.  
These letters will resolve him of my mind.

Farewell.  
[*Giving letters. Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Salisbury. An open place.

*Enter the Sheriff, and BUCKINGHAM, with halberds, led to execution.*

*Buck.* Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

*Sher.* No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

*Buck.* Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,  
Vaughan, and all that have miscarriéd  
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,—  
If that your moody discontented souls  
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,  
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—  
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

*Sher.* It is, my lord.

*Buck.* Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.

This is the day that, in King Edward's time,  
I wished might fall on me, when I was found  
False to his children or his wife's allies;  
This is the day wherein I wished to fall  
By the false faith of him I trusted most;  
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul  
Is the determined respite of my wrongs:  
That high All-Seer that I dallied with  
Hath turned my feignéd prayer on my head  
And given in earnest what I begged in jest.  
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men  
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:

Now Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—  
'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with  
sorrow,

Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'—  
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame ;  
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.  
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.—The Camp near Tamworth.

*Enter* RICHMOND, OXFORD, Sir JAMES BLUNT, Sir  
WALTER HERBERT, and others, with Forces,  
marching.

*Richm.* Fellows in arms, and my most loving  
friends,

Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,  
Thus far into the bowels of the land  
Have we marched on without impediment ;  
And here receive we from our father Stanley  
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.  
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,  
That spoiled your summer fields and fruitful vines,  
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his  
trough

In your embowelled bosoms, this foul swine  
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,  
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :  
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.  
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,  
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace  
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

*Oxf.* Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,  
To fight against this guilty homicide.

*Herb.* I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

*Blunt.* He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,

Which in his dearest need will shrink from him.

*Richm.* All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march :

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE III.—Bosworth Field.

*Enter King RICHARD, and Forces, the Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, and others.*

*K. Rich.* Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.—

*My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?*

*Sur.* My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

*K. Rich.* My Lord of Norfolk,—

*Nor.* Here, most gracious liege.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

*Nor.* We must both give and take, my loving lord.

*K. Rich.* Up with my tent! [*Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.*] Here will I lie to-night;

But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

*Nor.* Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

*K. Rich.* Why, our battalia trebles that account:  
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,  
Which they upon the adverse party want.—

Up with the tent !—Come, noble gentlemen,  
Let us survey the vantage of the ground ;—  
Call for some men of sound direction :—  
Let's want no discipline, make no delay ;  
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, Sir  
WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and others. Some  
of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.*

*Richm.* The weary sun hath made a golden set,  
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,  
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—  
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—  
Give me some ink and paper in my tent :  
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,  
Limit each leader to his several charge,  
And part in just proportion our small power.—  
My Lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Brandon,—  
And you, Sir Walter Herbert,—stay with me.—  
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment :—  
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,  
And by the second hour in the morning  
Desire the earl to see me in my tent :  
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me,—  
Where is Lord Stanley quartered, do you know ?

*Blunt.* Unless I have mista'en his colours much,—  
Which well I am assured I have not done,—  
His regiment lies half a mile at least  
South from the mighty power of the king.

*Richm.* If without peril it be possible,  
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with  
him,

And give him from me this most needful scroll.

*Blunt.* Upon my life, my lord I'll undertake it ;



And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

*Richm.* Good night, good Captain Blunt. [*Exit.*

*Blunt.*] Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business :

In to my tent ; the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*

*Re-enter, to his tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK,  
RATCLIFF, CATESBY, and others.*

*K. Rich.* What is 't o'clock ?

*Cate.* It's supper-time, my lord ;

It's nine o'clock.

*K. Rich.* I will not sup to-night.

Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was ?

And all my armour laid into my tent ?

*Cate.* It is, my liege ; and all things are in readiness.

*K. Rich.* Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge ;  
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

*Nor.* I go, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle  
Norfolk.

*Nor.* I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*

*K. Rich.* Catesby !

*Cate.* My lord ?

*K. Rich.* Send out a pursuivant at arms  
To Stanley's regiment ; bid him bring his power  
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall  
Into the blind cave of eternal night.

[*Exit CATESBY.*

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch.—  
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—  
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.—

Ratcliff,—

*Rat.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord  
Northumberland?

*Rat.* Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,  
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop  
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

*K. Rich.* So, I am satisfied.—Give me a bowl of  
wine :

I have not that alacrity of spirit,  
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

[*Wine brought.*

Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

*Rat.* It is, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Bid my guard watch ; leave me Ratcliff,  
About the mid of night come to my tent  
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*Exeunt RATCLIFF and the other Attendants.*

*Enter STANLEY to RICHMOND in his tent, Lords and  
others attending.*

*Stan.* Fortune and victory sit on thy helm !

*Richm.* All comfort that the dark night can afford  
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law !  
Tell me, how fares our loving mother ?

*Stan.* I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,  
Who prays continually for Richmond's good :  
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,  
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.  
In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—  
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,  
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement  
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.  
I, as I may—that which I would I cannot,—

With best advantage will deceive the time,  
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :  
But on thy side I may not be too forward,  
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,  
Be executed in his father's sight.  
Farewell : the leisure and the fearful time  
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love  
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,  
Which so long Sundered friends should dwell upon :  
God give us leisure for these rites of love !  
Once more, adieu : be valiant, and speed well !

*Richm.* Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :  
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,  
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow  
When I should mount with wings of victory :  
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt all but RICHMOND.*

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,  
Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;  
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,  
That they may crush down with a heavy fall  
The usurping helmets of our adversaries !  
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,  
That we may praise Thee in the victory !  
To Thee I do commend my watchful soul,  
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes :  
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still ! [*Sleeps.*

*The Ghost of Prince EDWARD, son to HENRY VI.,  
rises between the two Tents.*

*Ghost of P. E. [To Richard]* Let me sit heavy  
on thy soul to-morrow !  
Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth  
At Tewksbury :—despair, therefore, and die !—

[*To Richmond*] Be cheerful, Richmond; for the  
wrongéd souls  
Of butchered princes fight in thy behalf:  
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

*The Ghost of HENRY VI. rises.*

*Ghost of K. H.* [*To Richard*] When I was mortal,  
my anointed body  
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:  
Think on the Tower and me:—despair, and die!  
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die!—  
[*To Richmond*] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!  
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,  
Doth comfort thee in sleep: live thou, and flourish!

*The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.*

*Ghost of C.* [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on  
thy soul to-morrow,  
I, that was washed to death with fulsome wine,  
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death!  
To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
And fall thy edgeless sword:—despair, and die!—  
[*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of  
Lancaster,  
The wrongéd heirs of York do pray for thee:  
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

*The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN rise.*

*Ghost of R.* [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on  
thy soul to-morrow,  
Rivers, that died at Pomfret!—despair, and die!  
*Ghost of G.* [*To Richard*] Think upon Grey, and  
let thy soul despair!

*Ghost of V.* [To Richard] Think upon Vaughan,  
and, with guilty fear,  
Let fall thy lance :—despair, and die !

*All.* [To Richmond] Awake, and think our  
wrongs in Richard's bosom  
Will conquer him ! awake, and win the day !

*The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.*

*Ghost of H.* [To Richard] Bloody and guilty,  
guiltily awake,  
And in a bloody battle end thy days !  
Think on Lord Hastings : so—despair, and die !—  
[To Richmond] Quiet untroubled soul, awake,  
awake !  
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake !

*The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.*

*Ghosts of the two P.* [To Richard] Dream on thy  
cousins smothered in the Tower :  
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,  
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !  
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die :—  
[To Richmond] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace,  
and wake in joy ;  
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !  
Live, and beget a happy race of kings !  
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

*The Ghost of Queen ANNE rises.*

*Ghost of Q. A.* [To Richard] Richard, thy wife,  
that wretched Anne thy wife,  
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,  
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :  
To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword :—despair, and die !  
[*To Richmond*] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet  
sleep ;

Dream of success and happy victory !  
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

*The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.*

*Ghost of B.* [*To Richard*] The first was I that  
helped thee to the crown ;  
The last was I that felt thy tyranny :  
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,  
And die in terror of thy guiltiness !  
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death :  
Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !—  
[*To Richmond*] I died for hope ere I could lend  
thee aid :

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismayed :  
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side ;  
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

*The Ghosts vanish. King RICHARD starts out of  
his dream.*

*K. Rich.* Give me another horse,—bind up my  
wounds,—  
Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft ! I did but dream.—  
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !—  
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.  
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.  
What do I fear ? Myself ? There's none else by .  
Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.  
Is there a murderer here ? No ;—Yes, I am :  
Then fly. What, from myself ? Great reason  
why,—  
Lest I revenge myself upon myself.

Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good  
That I myself have done unto myself?  
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself  
For hateful deeds committed by myself!  
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.  
Fool, of thyself speak well:—fool, do not flatter.  
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain.  
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;  
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;  
All several sins, all used in each degree,  
Throng to the bar, crying all, 'Guilty! guilty!'  
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;  
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:  
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself  
Find in myself no pity to myself?

*Re-enter RATCLIFF.*

*Rat.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* Who's there?

*Rat.* My lord, 'tis I. The early village-cock  
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;  
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

*K. Rich.* O Ratcliff, I have dreamed a fearful  
dream!  
What thinkest thou,—will our friends prove all  
true?

*Rat.* No doubt, my lord.

*K. Rich.* O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—  
Methought the souls of all that I had murdered  
Came to my tent, and every one did threat  
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

*Rat.* Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

*K. Rich.* By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard  
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers  
Arméd in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.  
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;  
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,  
To see if any mean to shrink from me. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the Lords to RICHMOND, sitting in his tent.*

*Lords.* Good morrow, Richmond!

*Richm.* Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,  
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

*Lords.* How have you slept, my lord?

*Richm.* The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding  
dreams

That ever entered in a drowsy head,  
Have I since your departure had, my lords.  
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard  
murdered,

Came to my tent, and cried on victory:  
I promise you, my soul is very jocund  
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.  
How far into the morning is it, lords?

*Lords.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Richm.* Why, then 'tis time to arm and give  
direction. [*He advances to the troops.*]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,  
The leisure and enforcement of the time  
Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this,—  
God and our good cause fight upon our side;  
The prayers of holy saints and wrongéd souls,  
Like high-reared bulwarks, stand before our  
faces;

Richard except, those whom we fight against



Had rather have us win than him they follow.  
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,  
A bloody tyrant and a homicide ;  
One raised in blood, and one in blood established ;  
One that made means to come by what he hath,  
And slaughtered those that were the means to help  
him ;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil  
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set ;  
One that hath ever been God's enemy :  
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,  
God will in justice ward you as His soldiers ;  
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,  
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;  
If you do fight against your country's foes,  
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire ;  
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,  
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;  
If you do free your children from the sword,  
Your children's children quit it in your age.  
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,  
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.  
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt  
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;  
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt  
The least of you shall share his part thereof.  
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully ;  
God and Saint George ! Richmond and victory !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter* KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants and Forces.*

*K. Rich.* What said Northumberland as touching  
Richmond ?

*Rat.* That he was never trained up in arms,

*K. Rich.* He said the truth: and what said  
Surrey then?

*Rat.* He smiled and said 'The better for our  
purpose.'

*K. Rich.* He was in the right; and so indeed  
it is. [*Clock striketh.*

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—

Who saw the sun to-day?

*Rat.* Not I, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Then he disdains to shine; for by the  
book

He should have braved the east an hour ago:

A black day will it be to somebody.—

*Ratcliff,*—

*Rat.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* The sun will not be seen to-day;  
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.  
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.  
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me  
More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven  
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

*Enter NORFOLK.*

*Nor.* Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the  
field.

*K. Rich.* Come, bustle, bustle;—caparison my  
horse.—

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:  
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,  
And thus my battle shall be orderéd:  
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,  
Consisting equally of horse and foot;  
Our archers shall be placéd in the midst:

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,  
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.  
They thus directed, we ourself will follow  
In the main battle, that on either side  
Shall be well wingéd with our chiefest horse.  
This, and Saint George to boot !—What think'st  
thou, Norfolk ?

*Nor.* A good direction, warlike sovereign.—  
This found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a scroll.*]

*K. Rich.* [*Reads*] 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not too  
bold,

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'  
A thing devised by the enemy.  
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :  
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls :  
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,  
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe :  
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our  
law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell :  
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—  
[*To his soldiers*] What shall I say more than I  
have inferred ?

Remember whom you are to cope withal ;—  
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, runaways,  
A scum of Bretons and base lackey peasants  
Whom their o'ercloyéd country vomits forth  
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.  
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest ;  
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,  
They would distraín the one, distain the other.  
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,  
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost ?

A milk-sop, one that never in his life  
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?  
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;  
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,  
These famished beggars, weary of their lives,  
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,  
For want of means, poor rats, had hanged themselves.  
If we be conquered, let men conquer us,  
And not these bastard Bretons ; whom our fathers  
Have in their own land beaten, bobbed, and  
thumped,  
And on record, left them the heirs of shame.  
Shall these enjoy our lands ? lie with our wives ?  
Ravish our daughters ?—[*Drum afar off.*] Hark !  
I hear their drum.—  
Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold yeomen !  
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head !  
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;  
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !

*Enter a Messenger.*

What says Lord Stanley ? will he bring his power ?

*Mess.* My lord, he doth deny to come.

*K. Rich.* Off with his son George's head !

*Nor.* My lord, the enemy is past the marsh :  
After the battle let George Stanley die.

*K. Rich.* A thousand hearts are great within my  
bosom :

Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;  
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,  
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !  
Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

*Alarum: excursions. Enter NORFOLK and Forces fighting; to him CATESBY.*

*Cate.* Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!  
The king enacts more wonders than a man,  
Daring an opposite to every danger :  
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,  
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.  
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

*Alarums. Enter King RICHARD.*

*K. Rich.* A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

*Cate.* Withdraw, my lord ; I'll help you to a horse.

*K. Rich.* Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die :  
I think there be six Richmonds in the field ;  
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.  
A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse.

[*Exeunt.*]

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## SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

*Alarum. Enter RICHARD and RICHMOND ; they fight. RICHARD is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter RICHMOND, STANLEY bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

*Richm.* God and your arms be praised, victorious friends ;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

*Stan.* Courageous Richmond, well hast thou  
acquit thee.

Lo, here, this long-usurp'd royalty  
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch  
Have I plucked off, to grace thy brows withal :  
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

*Richm.* Great God of heaven, say Amen to all !  
But, tell me now, is young George Stanley living ?

*Stan.* He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ;  
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

*Richm.* What men of name are slain on either  
side ?

*Stan.* John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord  
Ferrers,

Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

*Richm.* Inter their bodies as becomes their births :  
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled  
That in submission will return to us :  
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,  
We will unite the White Rose and the Red :  
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,  
That long hath frowned upon their enmity !  
What traitor hears me, and says not Amen ?  
England hath long been mad, and scarred herself ;  
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,  
The father rashly slaughtered his own son,  
The son, compelled, been butcher to the sire :  
All this divided York and Lancaster,  
Divided in their dire division,  
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
The true succeeders of each royal house,  
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !  
And let their heirs,—God, if Thy will be so,—

Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace, .  
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days !  
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,  
That would reduce these bloody days again,  
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !  
Let them not live to taste this land's increase  
That would with treason wound this fair land's  
peace !

Now civil wounds are stopped, peace lives again :  
That she may long live here, God say Amen !

[*Exeunt.*]

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD  
DUKE OF YORKE, AND THE GOOD  
KING HENRY THE SIXT.

[Continued from Vol. No. 192.]

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*Alarmes. Enter WARWIKE.*

*War.* Sore spent with toile as runners with the race,  
I laie me downe a little while to breath,  
For strokes receiude, and manie blowes repaide,  
Hath robd my strong knit sinnews of their strength,  
And force perforce needes must I rest my selfe.

*Enter EDWARD.*

*Edw.* Smile gentle heauens or strike vngentle death,  
That we maie die ynlesse we gaine the daie :  
What fatall starre malignant frownes from heauen  
Vpon the harmelesse line of Yorkes true house ?

*Enter GEORGE.*

*George.* Come brother, come lets to the field againe,  
For yet theres hope inough to win the daie :  
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting Troupes,  
That they noting now we haue left the field



He waft his hand to me and cride aloud :  
 Richard, commend me to my valiant sonne,  
 And still he cride Warwike reuenge my death,  
 And with those words he tumbled off his horse,  
 And so the noble Salsbury gaue vp the ghost.

*War.* Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,  
 He kill my horse because I will not flie :  
 And here to God of heauen I make a vow,  
 Neuer to passe from forth this bloody field  
 Till I am full reuenged for his death.

*Edw.* Lord Warwike, I doe bend my knees with thine,  
 And in that vow now ioine my soule to thee,  
 Thou setter vp and puller downe of kings,  
 Vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs,  
 Or let vs die before we loose the daie :

*George.* Then let vs haste to cheere the souldiers harts,  
 And call them pillers that will stand to vs,  
 And hiely promise to remunerate  
 Their trustie seruice, in these dangerous warres.

*Rich.* Come, come awaie, and stand not to debate,  
 For yet is hope of fortune good enough.  
 Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part  
 And take our leaues vntill we meet againe,  
 Where ere it be in heauen or in earth.  
 Now I that neuer wept, now melt in wo,  
 To see these dire mishaps continue so.  
 Warwike farewell.

*War.* Awaie awaie, once more sweet Lords farewell.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Alarmes, and then enter RICHARD at one dore and CLIFFORD  
 at the other.*

*Rich.* A Clifford a Clifford.

*Clif.* A Richard a Richard.

*Rich.* Now Clifford, for Yorke & young Rutlands death,

This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy bloud,  
Shall lop thy limmes, and slise thy cursed hart,  
For to reuenge the murders thou hast made.

*Clif.* Now Richard, I am with thee here alone,  
This is the hand that stabd thy father Yorke,  
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland,  
And heres the heart that triumphs in their deathes,  
And cheeres these hands that slew thy aire and brother,  
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,  
And so haue at thee.

*Alarmes. They fight, and then enters WARWIK and rescues  
RICHARD, & then exeunt omnes.*

*Alarmes still, and then enter HENRY solus.*

*Hon.* Oh gracious God of heauen looke downe on vs,  
And set some endes to these incessant griefes,  
How like a mastlesse ship vpon the seas,  
This woful battaile doth continue still,  
Now leaning this way, now to that side driue,  
And none doth know to whom the daie will fall.  
O would my death might staie these ciuill iars!  
Would I had neuer rained, nor nere bin king,  
Margret and Clifford, chide me from the field,  
Swearing they had best successe when I was thence.  
Would God that I were dead so all were well,  
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content  
To yeeld it them and liue a priuate life.

*Enter a souldier with a dead man in his armes*

*Sould.* It blowes the wind that profits no bodie,  
This man that I haue slaine in fight to daie,  
Maie be possessed of some store of crownes,  
And I will search to find them if I can,  
But stay. Me thinkes it is my fathers face,  
Oh it is he whom I haue slaine in fight,

From London was I prest out by the king,  
 My father he came on the part of Yorke,  
 And in this conflict I haue slaine my father :  
 Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,  
 And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

*Enter an other souldier with a dead man.*

2 *Soul.* Lie there thou that foughtst with me so stoutly,  
 Now let me see what store of gold thou haste,  
 But staie, me thinkes this is no famous face :  
 Oh no it is my sonne that I haue slaine in fight,  
 O monstrous times begetting such euents,  
 How cruel bloody, and ironious,  
 This deadlie quarrell dailie doth beget,  
 Poore boy thy father gaue thee lif too late,  
 And hath bereau'de thee of thy life too sone.

*King.* Wo aboue wo, grieve more then common grieve,  
 Whilst Lyons warre and battaile for their dens,  
 Poore lambs do feelee the rigor of their wraths :  
 The red rose and the white are on his face,  
 The fatall colours of our striuing houses,  
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish,  
 For if you striue, ten thousand liues must perish.

1 *Sould.* How will my mother for my fathers death,  
 Take on with me and nere be satisfide ?

2 *Sol.* How will my wife for slaughter of my son,  
 Take on with me and nere be satisfide ?

*King.* How will the people now misdeeme their king,  
 Oh would my death their mindes could satisfie,

1 *Sould.* Was euer son so rude his fathers bloud to spil ?

2 *Soul.* Was euer father so vnnaturall his son to kill ?

*King.* Was euer king thus greued and vexed still ?

1 *Sould.* Ile beare thee hence from this accursed place,  
 For wo is me to see my fathers face.

*[Exit with his father.]*

**2 Soul.** He beare thee hence & let them fight that wil,  
For I haue murdered where I should not kill.

*[Exit with his sonne.]*

**K Hen.** Weepe wretched man, He lay thee teare for tear,  
Here sits a king as woe begone as thee.

*Alarmes and enter the Queene.*

**Queen.** Awaie my Lord to Barwicke presentlie,  
The daie is lost, our friends are murdered,  
No hope is left for vs, therefore awaie.

*Enter prince EDWARD.*

**Prince.** Oh father flie, our men haue left the field,  
Take horse sweet father, let vs saue our selues.

*Enter EXETER.*

**Exet.** Awaie my Lord for vengeance comes along with  
him :

Nay stand not to expostulate make hast,  
Or else come after, He awaie before.

**K Hen.** Naie staie good Exeter, for He along with thee.

*Enter CLIFFORD wounded, with an arrow in his necke.*

**Clif.** Heere burnes my candell out,  
That whilst it lasted gaue king Henry light.  
Ah Lancaster, I feare thine ouerthrow,  
More then my bodies parting from my soule.  
My loue and feare glude manie friends to thee,  
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.  
Impairing Henry strengthened misproud Yorke,  
The common people swarme like summer flies,  
And whither flies the Gnats but to the sun ?  
And who shines now but Henriesemie ?  
Oh Phoebus hadst thou neuer giuen consent,  
That Phaeton should checke thy flarie steedes,  
Thy burning carre had neuer scorcht the earth.  
And Henry hadst thou liu'd as kings should doe,

And as thy father and his father did,  
 Giuing no foot vnto the house of Yorke,  
 I and ten thousand in this wofull land,  
 Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deathe,  
 And thou this daie hadst kept thy throne in peace.  
 For what doth cherish weedes but gentle aire?  
 And what makes robbers bold but lenitie?  
 Bootlesse are plaintes, and curelesse are my woundes,  
 No waie to flie, no strength to hold our flight,  
 The foe is mercillesse and will not pittie me,  
 And at their hands I haue deserude no pittie.  
 The aire is got into my bleeding wounds,  
 And much effuse of bloud doth make me faint,  
 Come Yorke and Richard, Warwike and the rest,  
 I stabde your fathers, now come split my brest.

*Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and WARWIKE, and Souldiers.*

*Edw.* Thus farre our fortunes keeps an vpward  
 Course, and we are grast with wreathes of victorie.  
 Some troopes pursue the bloudie minded Queene,  
 That now towards Barwike doth poste amaine,  
 But thinke you that Clifford is fled awaie with them?

*War.* No, tis impossible he should escape,  
 For though before his face I speake the words,  
 Your brother Richard markt him for the graue.  
 And where so ere he be I warrant him dead.

[CLIFFORD grones and then dies.]

*Edw.* Harke, what soule is this that takes his heauy  
 leaue?

*Rich.* A deadlie grone, like life and deaths departure.

*Edw.* See who it is, and now the battailes ended,  
 Friend or foe, let him be friendlie vsed.

*Rich.* Reuerse that doome of mercie, for tis Clifford,  
 Who kild our tender brother Rutland,  
 And stabd our princelie father Duke of Yorke.

*War.* From off the gates of Yorke fetch downe the  
Head, Your fathers head which Clifford placed there.  
Instead of that, let his supplie the roome.  
Measure for measure must be answered.

*Edw.* Bring forth that fatall scrichowle to our house,  
That nothing sung to vs but bloud and death,  
Now his euill boding tongue no more shall speake.

*War.* I thinke his vnderstanding is bereft.  
Say Clifford, doost thou know who speakes to thee?  
Dark cloudie death oreshades his beames of life,  
And he nor sees nor heares vs what we saie.

*Rich.* Oh would he did, and so perhaps he doth,  
And tis his policie that in the time of death,  
He might auoid such bitter stormes as he  
In his houre of death did giue vnto our father.

*George.* Richard if thou thinkest so, vex him with eager  
words.

*Rich.* Clifford, aske mercie and obtaine no grace.

*Edw.* Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence.

*War.* Clifford deuise excuses for thy fault.

*George.* Whilst we deuise fell tortures for thy fault.

*Rich.* Thou pittiedst Yorke, and I am sonne to Yorke.

*Edw.* Thou pittiedst Rutland, and I will pittie thee.

*George.* Wheres captaine Margaret to fence you now?

*War.* They mocke thee Clifford, sweare as thou wast  
wont.

*Rich.* What not an oth? Nay, then I know hees dead.  
Tis hard, when Clifford cannot foord his friend an oath.  
By this I know hees dead, and by my soule,  
Would this right hand buy but an howres life,  
That I in all contempt might raile at him.  
Ide cut it off and with the issuing bloud,  
Stifle the villaine whose instanced thirst,  
Yorke and young Rutland could not satisfie.

*War.* I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,

And reare it in the place your fathers stands.  
And now to London with triumphant march.  
There to be crowned Englands lawfull king.  
From thence shall Warwike crosse the seas to France,  
And aske the ladie Bona for thy Queene,  
So shalt thou sinew both these landes together,  
And hauing France thy friend thou needst not dread.  
The scattered foe that hopes to rise againe.  
And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,  
Yet looke to haue them busie to offend thine eares.  
First Ile see the coronation done,  
And afterward Ile cross the seas to France,  
To effect this marriage if it please my Lord.

*Edw.* Euen as thou wilt good Warwike let it be.  
But first before we go, George kneele downe.  
We here create thee Duke of Clarence, and girt thee with  
the sword.

Our younger brother Richard Duke of Glocester.  
Warwike as my selfe shal do & vndo as him pleaseth best.

*Rich.* Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,  
For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous.

*War.* Tush thats a childish obseruation,  
Richard be Duke of Gloster. Now to London.  
To see these honors in possession. [Exeunt Omnes.]

*Enter two keepers with bow and arrows.*

*Keeper.* Come, lets take our stands vpon this hill,  
And by and by the deere will come this waie.  
But staie, heere comes a man, lets listen him a while.

*Enter king HENRIE disguised.*

*Hen.* From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,  
And thus disguise to greet my natie land.  
No, Henrie no, It is no land of thine,  
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,  
No humble suters sues to thee for right,

For how canst thou helpe them and not thy selfe ?

*Keeper.* I marrie sir, heere is a deere, his skinne is a  
Keepers fee. Sirra stand close, for as I thinke,  
This is the king, king Edward hath deposde.

*Hen.* My Queene and sonne poore soules are gone to  
France, and as I heare the great commanding Warwike,  
To intreat a marriage with the ladie Bona,  
If this be true, poor Queene and sonne,  
Your labour is but spent in vaine,  
For Lewis is a prince soone wun with words,  
And Warwike is a subtill Orator.  
He laughes and saies, his Edward is instalde,  
She weepes, and saies her Henry is deposde,  
He on his right hand asking a wife for Edward,  
She on his left side crauing aide for Henry.

*Keeper.* What art thou that talkes of kings and queens ?

*Hen.* More then I seeme, for lesse I should not be.  
A man at least, and more I cannot be,  
And men maie talke of kings, and why not I ?

*Keeper.* I but thou talkest as if thou wert a king thy  
selfe.

*Hen.* Why so I am in mind though not in shew.

*Keeper.* And if thou be a king where is thy crowne ?

*Hen.* My crowne is in my hart, not on my head.  
My crowne is calde content, a crowne that  
Kings doe seldome times enjoy.

*Keeper.* And if thou be a king crownd with content,  
Your crowne content and you, must be content  
To go with vs vnto the officer, for as we thinke  
You are our quondam king, K. Edward hath deposde,  
And therefore we charge you in Gods name & the kings  
To go along with vs vnto the officers.

*Hen.* Gods name be fulfild, your kings name be  
Obaide, and be you kings, command and Ile obey

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]



*Enter king EDWARD, CLARENCE, and GLOSTER, MONTAGUE  
HASTINGS, and the Lady GRAY.*

*K Edw.* Brothers of Clarence, and of Glocester,  
This ladies husband heere Sir Richard Gray,  
At the battaile of saint Albones did lose his life,  
His lands then were seized on by the conqueror.  
Her sute is now to repossesse those lands,  
And sith in quarrel of the house of Yorke,  
The noble gentleman did lose his life,  
In honor we cannot denie her sute.

*Glo.* Your highnesse shall doe well to grant it then.

*K Edw.* I, so I will, but yet Ile make a pause.

*Glo.* I, is the winde in that doore?

*Clarence,* I see the Lady hath some thing to grant,  
Before the king will grant her humble sute.

*Cla.* He knows the game, how well he keepes the wind.

*K Edw.* Widow come some other time to know our mind.

*La.* May it please your grace I cannot brooke delaies,  
I beseech your highnesse to dispatch me now.

*K Ed.* Lords giue vs leaue, wee meane to trie ~~this~~  
widowes wit.

*Cla.* I, good leaue haue you.

*Glo.* For you will haue leaue till youth take leaue,  
And leaue you to your crouch.

*K Ed.* Come hither widdow, howe many children haste  
thou?

*Cla.* I thinke he means to begge a child on her.

*Glo.* Nay whip me then, heele rather giue hir two.

*La.* Three my most gracious Lord.

*Glo.* You shall haue foure and you wil be rulde by him.

*K Ed.* Wer not pittie they shoulde loose their fathe  
lands?

*La.* Be pittifull then dread L. and grant it them.

*K Ed.* Ile tell thee how these lands are to be got.

*La.* So shall you bind me to your highnesse service.

*K Ed.* What service wilt thou doe me if I grant it them?

*La.* Euen what your highnesse shall command.

*Glo.* Naie then widow Ile warrant you all your  
Husbands lands, if you grant to do what he  
Commands. Fight close or in good faith  
You catch a clap.

*Cla.* Naie I feare her not vnlesse she fall.

*Glo.* Marie godsforbot man, for heele take vantage then.

*La.* Why stops my Lord, shall I not know my taske?

*K Ed.* An easie taske, tis but to loue a king.

*La.* Thats soone performde, because I am a subiect.

*K Ed.* Why then thy husbandes landes I frelie giue thee.

*La.* I take my leaue with manie thousand thanks.

*Cla.* The match is made, shee seales it with a cursie.

*K Ed.* Staie widdow staie, what loue dost thou thinke I  
sue so much to get?

*La.* My humble seruice, such as subiects owes and the  
lawes commands.

*K Ed.* No by my troth, I meant no such loue,  
But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.

*La.* To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in  
prison.

*K Edw.* Why then thou canst not get thy husbandes  
lands.

*La.* Then mine honestie shall be my dower,  
For by that losse I will not purchase them.

*K Ed.* Herein thou wrongst thy children mightilie.

*La.* Herein your highnesse wrongs both them and  
Me, but mightie Lord this merrie inclination  
Agrees not with the sadnesse of my sute.  
Please it your highnes to dismisse me either with I or no.

*K Ed.* I, if thou saie I to my request,

No, if thou saie no to my demand.

*La.* Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.

*Glo.* The widdow likes him not, shee bends the brow.

*Cla.* Why he is the bluntest woer in christendome.

*K Ed.* Her lookes are all repleat with maiestie,  
One waie or other she is for a king,

And she shall be my loue or else my Queene.

Saie that king Edward tooke thee for his Queene.

*La.* Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord,  
I am a subiect fit to iest withall,  
But far vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

*K Edw.* Sweete widdow, by my state I sweare, I speake  
No more then what my hart intends,  
And that is to enioie thee for my loue.

*La.* And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,  
I know I am too bad to be your Queene,  
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

*K Edw.* You cauill widdow, I did meane my Queene.

*La.* Your grace would be loath my sonnes should call you  
father.

*K Edw.* No more then when my daughters call thee  
Mother. Thou art a widow and thou hast some children,  
And by Gods mother I being but a bachelor  
Haue other some. Why tis a happy thing  
To be the father of manie children.

Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

*Glo.* The ghostlie father now hath done his shrift.

*Cla.* When he was made a shriuer twas for shift.

*K Edw.* Brothers, you muse what talke the widdow  
And I haue had, you would thinke it strange  
If I should marrie her.

*Cla.* Marrie her my Lord, to whom?

*K Edw.* Why Clarence to my selfe.

*Glo.* That would be ten daies wonder at the least.

*Cla.* Why thats a daie longer then a wonder lasten.

*Glo.* And so much more are the wonders in extreames.

*K Edw.* Well, ieast on brothers, I can tell you, hir  
Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* And it please your grace, Henry your foe is  
Taken, and brought as prisoner to your pallace gates.

*K Edw.* Awaie with him, and send him to the Tower,  
And let vs go question with the man about  
His apprehension. Lords along, and vse this  
Ladie honorable. [*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Manet Gloster and speaks.*

*Glo.* I, Edward will vse women honourable,  
Would he were wasted marrow, bones and all,  
That from his loines no issue might succeed  
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for,  
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.  
First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry  
And his sonne, and all they lookt for issue  
Of their loines ere I can plant my selfe,  
A cold premeditation for my purpose,  
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?  
I will go clad my bodie in gaie ornaments,  
And lull my selfe within a ladies lap,  
And witch sweet Ladies with my words and lookes.  
Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!  
Why loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe.  
And for I should not deale in hir affaires,  
Shee did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh,  
And plaste an enuious mountaine on my backe,  
Where sits deformity to mocke my bodie,  
To drie mine arme vp like a withered shrimpe.  
To make my legges of an vnequall size,  
And am I then a man to be belou'd?  
Easier for me to compasse twentie crownes.

Tut I can smile, and murder when I smile,  
 I crie content, to that that greeues me most.  
 I can adde colours to the Camelion,  
 And for a need change shapes with Protheus,  
 And set the aspiring Catalin to schoole.  
 Can I doe this, and cannot get the crowne?  
 Tush were it ten times higher, Ile put it downe. [Exit.

*Enter king LEWIS and the ladie BONA, and Queene MARGARET,  
 Prince EDWARD, and OXFORD and others.*

*Lewis.* Welcome Queene Margaret to the Court of France,  
 It fits not Lewis to sit while thou dost stand,  
 Sit by my side, and here I vow to thee,  
 Thou shalt haue aide to repossesse thy right,  
 And beat proud Edward from his vsurped seat.  
 And place king Henry in his former rule.

*Queene.* I humblie thanke your royall maiestie.  
 And pray the God of heauen to blesse thy state,  
 Great king of France, that thus regards our wrongs.

*Enter Warwike.*

*Lew.* How now, who is this?

*Queen.* Our Earle of Warwike Edwardes chiefest friend.

*Lew.* Welcome braue Warwike, what brings thee to  
 France?

*War.* From worthy Edward king of England,  
 My Lord and Soueraigne and thy vowed friend,  
 I come in kindnes and vnfained loue,  
 First to do greetings to thy royall person,  
 And then to craue a league of amitie,  
 And lastlie to confirme that amitie  
 With nuptiall knot if thou vouchsafe to grant  
 That vertuous ladie Bona thy faire sister,  
 To Englands king in lawfull marriage.

*Queen.* And if this go forward all our hope is done.

*War.* And gracious Madam, in our kings behalfe,  
I am commanded with your loue and fauour,  
Humble to kisse your hand and with my tongue,  
To tell the passions of my soueraines hart,  
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,  
Hath plast thy glorious image and thy vertues.

*Queen.* King Lewes and Lady Bona heare me speake,  
Before you answer Warwike or his words,  
For hee it is hath done vs all these wrongs.

*War.* Iniurious Margaret.

*Prince Ed.* And why not Queene?

*War.* Because thy father Henry did vsurpe,  
And thou no more art Prince than shee is Queene.

*Ox.* Then Warwike disanuls great Iohn of Gaunt,  
That did subdue the greatest part of Spaine,  
And after Iohn of Gaunt wise Henry the fourth,  
Whose wisdom was a mirrour to the world.  
And after this wise prince Henry the fift,  
Who with his prowesse conquered all France,  
From these our Henries lineallie descent.

*War.* Oxford, how haps that in this smooth discourse  
You told not how Henry the sixt had lost  
Il that Henry the fift had gotten.

He thinkes these peeres of France should smile at that,  
But for the rest you tell a pettigree  
Of threescore and two yeares a sillie time,  
To make prescription for a kingdomes worth.

*Oxf.* Why Warwike, canst thou denie thy king,  
Whom thou obeyedst thirtie and eight yeeres,  
And bewray thy treasons with a blush?

*War.* Can Oxford that did euer fence the right,  
Now buckler falshood with a pettigree?  
For shame leaue Henry and call Edward king.

*Oxf.* Call him my king by whom mine elder  
Brother the Lord Awbray Vere was done to death,

And more than so, my father euen in the  
Downefall of his mellowed yeares,  
When age did call him to the dore of death ?  
No Warwike no, whilst life vpholds this arme  
This arme vpholds the house of Lancaster.

*War.* And I the house of Yorke.

*K Lewes.* Queene Margaret, prince Edward and  
Oxford, vouchsafe to forbear a while,  
Till I doe talke a word with Warwike.  
Now Warwike euen vpon thy honor tell me true ;  
Is Edward lawfull king or no ?  
For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawful heir

*War.* Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credit.

*Lew.* What is he gracious in the peoples eies ?

*War.* The more, that Henry is vnfortunate.

*Lew.* What is his loue to our sister Bona ?

*War.* Such it seemes

As maie beseeeme a monarke like himselfe.  
My selfe haue often heard him saie and sweare,  
That this his loue was an eternall plant,  
The root whereof was fixt in vertues ground,  
The leaves and fruite maintaine with beauties sun,  
Exempt from enuie, but not from disdaine,  
Vnlesse the ladie Bona quite his paine.

*Lew.* Then sister let vs heare your firme resolute.

*Bona.* Your grant or your denial shall be mine,  
But ere this daie I must confesse, when I  
Haue heard your kings deserts recounted,  
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to desire.

*Lew.* Then draw neere Queene Margaret and be a  
Witness, that Bona shall be wife to the English king.

*Prince Edw.* To Edward, but not the English king.

*War.* Henry now liues in Scotland at his ease,  
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose,  
And as for you your selfe our *quondam* Queene.

**You haue a father able to maintaine your state,  
And better twere to trouble him then France.**

*Sound for a post within.*

*Lew.* Here comes some post Warwike to thee or vs.

*Post.* My Lord ambassador this letter is for you,  
Sent from your brother Marquis Montague.  
This from our king vnto your Maiestie.  
And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.

*Oxf.* I like it well that our faire Queene and mistresse,  
Smiles at her newes when Warwike frets as his.

*P. Ed.* And marke howe Lewes stamps as he were nettled.

*Lew.* Now Margaret & Warwike, what are your news?

*Queen.* Mine such as fills my hart full of ioie.

*War.* Mine full of sorrow and harts discontent.

*Lew.* What hath your king married the Ladie Gray,  
And now to excuse himselfe sends vs a post of papers?  
How dares he presume to vse vs thus?

*Quee.* This proueth Edwards loue, & Warwicks honesty.

*War.* King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heauen,  
And by the hope I haue of heauenlie blisse,  
That I am cleare from this misdeed of Edwards.  
No more my king, for he dishonours me,  
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.  
Did I forget that by the house of Yorke,  
My father came vntimelie to his death?  
Did I let passe the abuse done to thy neece?  
Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,  
And thrust king Henry from his natiue home,  
And most vngratefull doth he vse me thus?  
My gracious Queene pardon what is past,  
And henceforth I am thy true seruitour,  
I will reuenge the wrongs done to ladie Bona,  
And replant Henry in his former state.

*Queen.* Yes Warwike I doe quite forget thy former



Faults, if now thou wilt become king Henries friend.

*War.* So much his friend, I his vnfaigned friend,  
That if king Lewes vouchsafe to furnish vs  
With some few bands of chosen souldiers,  
He vndertake to land them on our coast,  
And force the Tyrant from his seat by warre,  
Tis not his new made bride shall succour him.

*Lew.* Then at the last I firmelie am resolu'd,  
You shall haue aide: and English messenger returne  
In post, and tell false Edward thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers  
To reuell it with him and his new bride.

*Bona.* Tell him in hope heele be a Widower shortlie,  
He weare the willow garland for his sake.

*Queen.* Tell him my mourning weedes be laide aside,  
And I am readie to put armour on.

*War.* Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore He vncrowne him er't be long.  
Thears thy reward, begone.

*Lew.* But now tell me Warwike, what assurance  
I shall haue of thy true loyaltie?

*War.* This shall assure my constant loyaltie,  
If that our Queene and this young prince agree,  
He ioine mine eldest daughter and my ioie  
To him forthwith in holie wedlockes bandes.

*Queen.* Withall my hart, that match I like ful wel,  
Loue her sonne Edward, shee is faire and yong,  
And giue thy hand to Warwike for thy loue.

*Lew.* It is enough, and now we will prepare,  
To leuie souldiers for to go with you.  
And you Lord Bourbon our high Admirall,  
Shall waft them safelie to the English coast,  
And chase proud Edward from his slumbring trance,  
For mocking marriage with the name of France.

*War.* I came from Edward as Imbassadour

But I returne his sworne and mortall foe :  
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,  
But dreadful warre shall answeere his demand.  
Had he none else to make a stale but me ?  
Then none but I shall turn his iest to sorrow.  
I was the chiefe that raise him to the crowne,  
And Ile be chiefe to bring him down againe,  
Not that I pittie Henries miserie,  
But seeke reuenge on Edwards mockerie. [Exit.

*Enter king EDWARD, the Queens and CLARENCE, and GLOSTER,  
and MONTAGUE, and HASTINGS, and PENBROOKE, with  
souldiers.*

*Edw.* Brothers of Clarence, and of Glocester,  
What thinke you of our marriage with the ladie Gray ?

*Cla.* My Lord, we thinke as Warvvike and Levves  
That are so slacke in iudgement, that theile take  
No offence at this suddaine marriage.

*Edw.* Suppose they doe, they are but Levves and  
Warvvike, and I am your king and Warvvikes,  
And will be obaied.

*Glo.* And shall, because our king, but yet such  
Sudden marriages seldome proueth well.

*Edw.* Yea brother Richard are you against vs too ?

*Glo.* Not I my Lord, no, God forefend that I should  
Once gaine saie your highnesse pleasure,  
I, & twere a pittie to sunder them that yoake so wel together.

*Edw.* Setting your skornes and your dislikes aside,  
Shew me some reasons why the Ladie Gray,  
Maie not be my loue and Englands Queene ?  
Speake freelie Clarence, Gloster,  
Montague and Hastings.

*Cla.* My Lord then this is my opinion,  
That Warwike beeing dishonored in his embassage,  
Doth seeke reuenge to quite his iniuries.

*Glo.* And Levves in regard of his sisters wrongs,  
Doth ioine with Warwike to supplant your state.

*Edw.* Suppose that Lewis and Warwike be appeas'd,  
By such meanes as I can best deuise.

*Mont.* But yet to haue ioind with France in this  
Alliance, would more haue strengthened this our  
Common wealth, gainst forraine stormes,  
Then anie home bred marriage.

*Hast.* Let England be true within it selfe,  
We need not France nor any alliance with them.

*Cla.* For this one speech the Lord Hastings wel deserues,  
To haue the daughter and heire of the Lord Hungerford.

*Edw.* And what then? It was our will it should be  
so?

*Cla.* I, and for such a thing too the Lord Scales  
Did well deserue at your hands, to haue the  
Daughter of the Lord Bonfield, and left your  
Brothers to go seeke elsewhere, but in  
Your madnes, you burie brotherhood.

*Edw.* Alasse poore Clarence, is it for a wife,  
That thou art mal-content,  
Why man be of good cheere, Ile prouide thee one.

*Cla.* Naie you plaide the broker so ill for your selfe,  
That you shall giue me leaue to make my  
Choise as I thinke good, and to that intent,  
I shortlie meane to leaue you.

*Edw.* Leaue me or tarrie I am full resolu'd  
Edward will not be tied to his brothers wila.

*Queen.* My Lords doe me but right, and you must  
Confesse, before it pleas'd his highnesse to aduance  
My state to title of a Queene,  
That I was not ignoble in my birth.

*Edw.* Forbeare my loue to fawne vpon their frownes,  
For thee they must obay, naie shall obaie,  
And if they look for fauour at my hands.

*Mont.* My Lord, heere is the messenger returnd from France.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Ed.* Now sirra, What letters or what newes?

*Mes.* No letters my Lord, and such newes, as without your highnesse speciall pardon I dare not relate.

*Edw.* We pardon thee, and as neere as thou canst Tell me, What said Lewis to our letters?

*Mes.* At my departure these were his verie words.  
Go tell false Edward thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskera,  
To reuill it with him and his new bride.

*Edw.* Is Lewis so braue, belike he thinkes me Henry.  
But what said Lady Bona to these wrongs?

*Mes.* Tel him quoth she, in hope heele proue a widower shortly, He weare the willow garland for his sake.

*Edw.* She had the wrong, indeed she could saie Little lesse. But what saide Henries Queene, for as I heare, she was then in place?

*Mes.* Tell him quoth shee my mourning weeds be Doone, and I am readie to put armour on.

*Edw.* Then belike she meanes to plaie the Amazon.  
But what said Warwike to these iniuries?

*Mes.* He more incensed then the rest my Lord,  
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore He vncrowne him er't be long.

*Ed.* Ha, Durst the traytor breath out such proude words?  
But I will arme me to preuent the worst.  
But what is Warwike friendes with Margaret?

*Mes.* I my good Lord, theare so linkt in friendship,  
That young Prince Edward marries Warwikes daughter.

*Cl.* The elder, belike Clarence shall haue the Yonger. All you that loue me and Warwike Follow me.

*[Exit CLARENCE and SUMMERSET.]*

*Edw.* Clarence and Summerset fled to Warwike.

What saie you brother Richard, will you stand to vs ?

*Glo.* I my Lord, in despite of all that shall  
Withstand you. For why hath Nature  
Made me halt downe right, but that I  
Should be valiant and stand to it, for if  
I would, I cannot runne awaie.

*Edw.* Penbrooke, go raise an armie presentlie,  
Pitch vp my tent, for in the field this night  
I meane to rest, and on the morrow morne,  
He march to meet proud Warwike ere he land  
Those stragling troopes which he hath got in France.  
But ere I goe Montague and Hastings,  
You of all the rest are neerest allied  
In bloud to Warwike, therefore tell me, if  
You fauour him more then me or not :  
Speake truelie, for I had rather haue you open  
Enemies, then hollow friends.

*Monta.* So God helpe Montague as he proues true.

*Hast.* And Hastings as hee fauours Edwards cause.

*Edw.* It shall suffice, come then lets march awaie.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter WARWIKE and OXFORD, with souldiers.*

*War.* Trust me my Lords all hitherto goes well,  
The common people by numbers swarme to vs,  
But see where Sommerset and Clarence comes,  
Speake suddenlie my Lords, are we all friends?

*Cla.* Feare not that my Lord.

But welcome sweet Clarence my daughter shal be thine.  
 And now what rests but in nights couerture,  
 Thy brother being careleslie encampt,  
 His souldiers lurking in the towne about,  
 And but attended by a simple garde,  
 We maie surprise and take him at our pleasure,  
 Our skouts haue found the aduenture verie easie,  
 Then crie king Henry with resolved mindes,  
 And breake we presentlie into his tent.

*Cla.* Why then lets on our waie in silent sort,  
 For Warwike and his friends God and saint George.

*War.* This is his tent, and see where his guard doth  
 Stand, Courage my souldiers, now or neuer,  
 But follow me now, and Edward shall be oura.

*All.* A Warwike, a Warwike.

*Alarmes, and GLOSTER and HASTINGS flies.*

*Oxf.* Who goes there?

*War.* Richard and Hastings let them go, heere is the  
 Duke.

*Edw.* The Duke, why Warwike when we parted  
 Last, thou caldst me king?

*War.* I, but the case is altred now.  
 When you disgraste me in my embassage,  
 Then I disgraste you from being king,  
 And now am come to create you Duke of Yorke,  
 Alasse how should you gouerne anie kingdome,  
 That knowes not how to vse embassadors,  
 Nor how to vse your brothers brotherlie,  
 Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enimies.

*Edw.* Well Warwike, let fortune doe her worst,  
 Edward in minde will beare himselfe a king.

*War.* Then for his minde be Edward England's king,  
 But Henry now shall weare the English crowne.  
 Go conuaie him to our brother archbishop of Yorke,

And when I haue fought with Penbrooke & his followers,  
 Ile come and tell thee what the ladie Bona saies,  
 And so for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke,

[*Exeunt some with EDWARD.*]

*Gla.* What followes now, all hithertoo goes well,  
 But we must dispatch some letters to France,  
 To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,  
 And bid hir come with speed to ioine with vs.

*War.* I thats the first thing that we haue to doe,  
 And free king Henry from imprisonment,  
 And see him seated in his regall throne,  
 Come let vs haste awaie, and hauing past these cares,  
 Ile post to Yorke, and see how Edward fares.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and sir WILLIAM STANLY.*

*Glo.* Lord Hastings, and sir William Stanly,  
 Know that the cause I sent for you is this.  
 I looke my brother with a slender traine,  
 Should come a hunting in this forrest heere.  
 The Bishop of Yorke befriends him much,  
 And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase,  
 Now I haue priuillie sent him word,  
 How I am come with you to rescue him,  
 And see where the huntsman and he doth come.

*Enter EDWARD and a Huntsman.*

*Hunts.* This waie my Lord the deere is gone,

*Edw.* No this waie huntsman, see where the  
 Keepers stand. Now brother and the rest,  
 What, are you provided to depart?

*Glo.* I, I, the horse stands at the parke corner,  
 Come, to Linne, and so take shipping into Flandera.

*Edw.* Come then: Hastings, and Stanlie, I will  
 Requite your loues. Bishop farewell,

Sheeld thee from Warwikes frowne,  
And praie that I maie repoesse the crowne.  
Now huntsman what will you doe?

*Hunts.* Marrie my Lord, I thinke I had as good  
Goe with you, as tarrie heere to be hangde.

*Edw.* Come then lets awaie with speed.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter the Queens and the Lord RIUERS.*

*Riuers.* Tel me good maddam, why is your grace  
So passionate of late?

*Queen.* Why brother Riuers, heare you not the newes,  
Of that successe king Edward had of late?

*Riu.* What? losse of some pitcht battaile against  
Warwike,

Tush, feare not faire Queen, but cast those cares aside.  
King Edwards noble mind his honours doth display :  
And Warwike maie loose, though then he got the day.

*Queen.* If that were all, my griefes were at an end :  
But greater troubles will I feare befall.

*Riu.* What, is he taken prisoner by the foe,  
To the danger of his royall person then?

*Queen.* I, thears my griefe, king Edward is surprisde,  
And led awaie, as prisoner vnto Yorke.

*Riu.* The newes is passing strange, I must confesse :  
Yet comfort your selfe, for Edward hath more friends,  
Then Lancaster at this time must perceiue,  
That some will set him in his throne againe.

*Queen.* God grant they maie, but gentle brother come,  
And let me leane vpon thine arme a while,  
Vntill I come vnto the sanctuarie,

There to preserue the fruit within my wombe,  
K. Edwards seed true heire to Englands crowne.

[*Exit.*]



*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, and HASTINGS with a troope  
of Hollanders.*

*Edw.* Thus far from Belgia haue we past the seas,  
And marcht from Raunspur hauen vnto Yorke :  
But soft the gates are shut, I like not this.

*Rich.* Sound vp the drum and call them to the wals.

*Enter the Lord Maire of Yorke vpon the wals.*

*Mair.* My Lords we had notice of your comming,  
And thats the cause we stand vpon our garde,  
And shut the gates for to preserue the towne.  
Henry now is king, and we are sworne to him.

*Edw.* Why my Lord Maire, if Henry be your king,  
Edward I am sure at least, is Duke of Yorke.

*Mair.* Truth my Lord, we know you for no lesse.

*Edw.* I craue nothing but my Dukedome.

*Rich.* But when the Fox hath gotten in his head,  
Heele quicklie make the bodie follow after.

*Hast.* Why my Lord Maire, what stand you vpon points ?  
Open the gates, we are king Henries friends.

*Mair.* Saie you so, then Ile open them presentlie.

*[Exit Maire.]*

*Ri.* By my faith, a wise stout captain & soone perswaded.

*The Maire opens the dore, and brings the keies in his hand.*

*Edw.* So my Lord Maire, these gates must not be shut,  
But in the time of warre, giue me the keies :  
What, feare not man for Edward will defend  
the towne and you, despight of all your foes.

*Enter sir IOHN MOUNTGOMMERY with drumme and souldiers.*

How now Richard, who is this ?

*Rich.* Brother, this is sir Iohn Mountgommary,  
A trustie friend vnlesse I be deceiuda.

*Edw.* Welcome sir Iohn. Wharfore come you in armes ?

*Sir Iohn.* To helpe king Edward in this time of stormes,  
As euerie loyall subiect ought to doe.

*Edw.* Thankes braue Mountgommery,  
But I onlie claime my Dukedom.  
Vntil it please God to send the rest.

*Sir Iohn.* Then fare you wel? Drum strike vp and let vs  
March away, I came to serue a king and not a Duke.

*Edw.* Nay staie sir Iohn, and let vs first debate,  
With what security we maie doe this thing.

*Sir Iohn.* What stand you on debating, to be brieft,  
Except you presently proclaime your selfe our king,  
He hence againe, and keepe them backe that come to  
Succour you, why should we fight when  
You pretend no title?

*Rich.* Fie brother, fie, stand you vpon tearmes?  
Resolue your selfe, and let vs claime the crowne.

*Edw.* I am resolute once more to claime the crowne,  
And win it too, or else to loose my life.

*Sir Iohn.* I now my soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,  
And now will I be Edwards Champion,  
Sound Trumpets, for Edward shall be proclaimed.  
Edward the fourth by the grace of God, king of England  
and France, and Lord of Ireland, and whosoever gainsaies  
king Edwards right: by this I challenge him to single fight  
long liue Edward the fourth.

*All.* Long liue Edward the fourth.

*Enter WARWIKE and CLARENCE, with the Crowne, and then king HENRY, and OXFORD, and SUMMERSET, and the yong Earle of Richmond.*

*King.* Thus from the prison to this princelie seat,  
By Gods great mercies am I brought  
Againe, Clarence and Warwike doe you  
Keepe the crowne, and gouerne and protect  
My realme in peace, and I will spend the  
Remnant of my daies, to sinnes rebuke  
And my Creators praise.

*War.* What answers Clarence to his soueraignes will ?

*Gla.* Clarence agrees to what king Henry likes.

*King.* My Lord of Summerset, what prettie  
Boie is that you seeme to be so carefull of ?

*Sum.* And it please your grace, it is yong Henry,  
Earle of Richmond.

*King.* Henry of Richmond, Come hither pretie Ladde.  
If heauenlie powers doe aime aright  
To my diuining thoughts, thou pretie boy,  
Shal proue this Countries blisse,  
Thy head is made to weare a princelie crowne,  
Thy lookes are all repleat with Maiestie,  
Make much of him my Lords,  
For this is he shall helpe you more,  
Then you are hurt by me.

*Enter one with a letter to WARWIKE.*

*War.* What Counsell Lords, Edward from Belgia,  
With hastie Germaines and blunt Hollanders,  
Is past in safetie through the narrow seas,  
And with his troopes doe march amaine towards London,  
And manie giddie people follow him.

*Oxf.* Tis best to looke to this betimes,  
For if this fire doe kindle any further,

**It will be hard for vs to quench it out.**

**War.** In Warwikeshire I haue true-harted friends,  
 Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,  
 Them will I muster vp, and thou sonne Clarence shalt  
 In Essex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,  
 Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.  
 And thou brother Montague, in Leistershire,  
 Buckingham and Northamptonshire shalt finde,  
 Men well inclinde to doe what thou commands,  
 And thou braue Oxford wondrous well belou'd,  
 Shalt in thy countries muster vp thy friends.  
 My soueraigne with his louing Citizens,  
 Shall rest in London till we come to him.  
 Faire Lords take leaue and stand not to replie,  
 Farewell my soueraigne.

**King.** Farewel my Hector, my Troyes true hope.

**War.** Farewell sweet Lords, lets meet at Couentrie.

**All.** Agreed.

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

*Enter Edward and his traine.*

**Edw.** Sease on the shamefast Henry,  
 And once againe conuaie him to the Tower,  
 Awaie with him, I will not heare him speake.  
 And now towards Couentrie let vs bend our course  
 To meet with Warwike and his confederates.

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

*Enter WARWIK on the walles.*

And by thy gesse, how farre is Clarence hence?

*Sommer.* At Southam my Lord I left him with  
His force, and doe expect him two houres hence.

*War.* Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum.

*Enter EDWARD and his power.*

*Glo.* See brother, where the surly Warwike mans the  
wal.

*War.* O vnbid spight, is spotfull Edward come!  
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduste,  
That we could haue no newes of their repaire?

*Edw.* Now Warwike wilt thou be sorrie for thy faults,  
And call Edward king and he will pardon thee.

*War.* Naie rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe?  
Confesse who set thee vp and puld thee downe?  
Call Warwike patron and be penitent,  
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.

*Glo.* I had thought at least he would haue said the king.  
Or did he make the iest against his will.

*War.* Twas Warwike gaue the kingdome to thy brother.

*Edw.* Why then tis mine, if but by Warwikes gift.

*War.* I but thou art no Atlas for so great a waight,  
And weakling, Warwike takes his gift againe,  
Henry is my king, Warwike his subiect.

*Edw.* I prethe gallant Warwike tell me this,  
What is the bodie when the head is off?

*Glo.* Alasse that Warwike had no more foresight,  
But whilst he sought to steale the single ten,  
The king was finelie fingerd from the decke?  
You left poore Henry in the Bishops pallace,  
And ten to one you'le meet him in the Tower.

*Edw.* Tis euen so, and yet you are olde Warwike still.

*War.* O cheerefull colours, see where Oxford comes.

*Enter OXFORD with drum and souldiers & al orie,*

*Oxf.* Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster.

[*Exit.*

*Edw.* The Gates are open, see they enter in,  
Lets follow them and bid them battaile in the streetes.

*Glo.* No, so some other might set vpon our backes,  
Weele staie till all be entered, and then follow them.

*Enter SUMMERSET with drum and souldiers.*

*Sum.* Summerset, Summerset, for Lancaster. [Exit.

*Glo.* Two of thy name both Dukes of Summerset,  
Haue solde their liues vnto the house of Yorke,  
And thou shalt be the third and my sword hold.

*Enter MONTAGUE with drum and souldiers.*

*Mont.* Montague, Montague, for Lancaster. [Exit.

*Edw.* Traitorous Montague, thou and thy brother  
Shall deerelie abie this rebellious act.

*Enter CLARENCE with drum and souldiers.*

*War.* And loe where George of Clarence sweepes  
Along, of power enough to bid his brother battell.

*Cla.* Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster.

*Edw.* Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Cæsar too?  
A parlie sirra to George of Clarence.

*Sound a Parlie, and RICHARD and CLARENCE whispers together,  
and then CLARENCE takes his red Rose out of his hat, and  
throwes it at WARWIKE.*

*War.* Com Clarence come, thou wilt if Warwike call.

*Cla.* Father of Warwike, know you what this meanes?  
I throw mine infamie at thee,  
I will not ruinate my fathers house,  
Who gaue his bloud to lime the stones together,  
And set vp Lancaster. Thinkest thou  
That Clarence is so harsh vnnaturall,  
To lift his sword against his brothers life,  
And so proud harted Warwike I defie thee,  
And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes?

Pardon me Edward, for I haue done amisse,  
 And Richard doe not frowne vpon me,  
 For henceforth I will proue no more vnconstant.

*Edw.* Welcome Clarence, and ten times more welcome,  
 Then if thou neuer hadst deserud our hate.

*Glo.* Welcome good Clarence, this is brotherlie.

*War.* Oh passing traytor, periurd and vniust.

*Edw.* Now Warwike, wilt thou leaue  
 The towne and fight? or shall we beate the  
 Stones about thine eares?

*War.* Why I am not coopt vppe heere for defence,  
 I will awaie to Barnet presently,  
 And bid thee battaile Edward if thou darest.

*Edw.* Yes Warwike he dares, and leades the waie,  
 Lords to the field, saint George and victorie.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Alarmes, and then enter WARWIKE wounded.*

*War.* Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend or foe,  
 And tell me who is victor Yorke or Warwike?  
 Why aske I that? my mangled bodie shewes,  
 That I must yeeld my bodie to the earth.  
 And by my fall the conquest to my foes,  
 Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,  
 Whose armes gaue shelter to the princelie Eagle,  
 Vnder whose shade the ramping Lion slept,  
 Whose top branch ouerpeerd Ioues spreading tree.  
 The wrinkles in my browes now fild with bloud,  
 Were likened oft to kinglie sepulchers.  
 For who liu'd king, but I could dig his graue?  
 And who durst smile, when Warwike bent his brow?  
 Lo now my glorie smeerd in dust and bloud,  
 My parkes, my walkes, my mannors that I had,  
 Euen now forsake me, and of all my lands,  
 Is nothing left me but my bodies length.

*Enter OXFORD and SUMMERSSET.*

*Oxf.* Ah Warwike, Warwike, cheere vp thy selfe and liue,

For yet thears hope enough to win the daie.  
Our warlike Queene with troopes is come from France,  
And at South-hampton landed all hir traine,  
And mightst thou liue, then would we neuer flie.

*War.* Whie then I would not flie, nor haue I now,  
But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to ods,  
For manie wounds receiud, and manie moe repaid,  
Hath robd my strong knit sinews of their strength,  
And spite of spites needes must I yeeld to death.

*Som.* Thy brother Montague hath breathd his last,  
And at the pangs of death I heard him crie  
And saie, commend me to my valiant brother,  
And more he would haue spoke and more he said,  
Which sounded like a clamor in a vault,  
That could not be distinguisht for the sound,  
And so the valiant Montague gaue vp the ghost.

*War.* What is pompe, rule, raigne, but earth and dust?

And liue we how we can, yet die we must.  
Sweet rest his soule, flie Lords and saue your selues,  
For Warwike bids you all farewell to meet in Heauen.

[*He dies*]

*Oxf.* Come noble Summersset, lets take our horse,  
And cause retrait be sounded through the campe,  
That all our friends that yet remaine aliue,  
Maie be awarn'd and saue themselves by flight.  
That done, with them wee le post vnto the Queene,  
And once more trie our fortune in the field. [*Ex. ambo.*]

*Enter EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, with souldiers.*

*Edw.* Thus still our fortune giues vs victorie,



And girts our temples with triumphant ioies,  
 The bigboond traytor Warwike hath breathde his last,  
 And heauen this daie hath smilde vpon vs all,  
 But in this cleere and brightsome daie,  
 I see a blacke suspitious cloud appeare  
 That will encounter with our glorious sunne  
 Before he gaine his easefull westernne beames,  
 I mean those powers which the Queen hath got in Frañce  
 Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.

*Glo.* Oxford and Summerset are fled to hir,  
 And tis likelie if she haue time to breath,  
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

*Edw.* We are aduertisde by our louing friends,  
 That they doe hold their course towards Tewxburie.  
 Thither will we, for willingnes ride waie,  
 And in euerie countie as we passe along,  
 Our strengthes shall be augmented.  
 Come lets goe, for if we slacke this faire  
 Bright Summers daie, sharpe winters  
 Showers will marre our hope for haie.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

*Enter the Queens, Prince EDWARD, OXFORD and SUMMERSSET,  
 with drum and souldiers.*

*Quee.* Welcome to England, my louing friends of Frañce.  
 And welcome Summerset, and Oxford too.  
 Once more haue we spread our sailes abroad,  
 And though our tackling be almost consumde,  
 And Warwike as our maine mast ouerthrowne,  
 Yet warlike Lords raise you that sturdie post,  
 That beares the sailes to bring vs vnto rest,  
 And Ned and I as willing Pilots should  
 For once with carefull mindes guide on the sterne,  
 To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe  
 That heretofore hath swallowed vp our friends.

*Prince.* And if there be, as God forbid there should,

Amongst vs a timorous or fearefull man,  
 Let him depart before the battels ioine,  
 Least he in time of need intise another,  
 And so withdraw the souldiers harts from vs.  
 I will not stand aloofe and bid you fight,  
 But with my sword presse in the thickest thronges,  
 And single Edward from his strongest guard,  
 And hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,  
 Or leaue my bodie as witnesse of my thoughts.

*Oxf.* Women and children of so high resolute,  
 And Warriors faint, why twere perpetuall  
 Shame? Oh braue yong Prince, thy  
 Noble grandfather doth liue againe in thee,  
 Long maiest thou liue to beare his image,  
 And to renew his glories.

*Sum.* And he that turnes and flies when such do fight,  
 Let him to bed, and like the Owle by daie  
 Be hist, and wondered at if he arise.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My Lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power,  
 Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.

*Oxf.* I thought it was his pollicie, to take vs vnprovidid,  
 But here will we stand and fight it to the death.

*Enter king EDWARD, CLA. GLO. HAST. and Souldiers.*

*Edw.* See brothers, yonder stands the thornie wood,  
 Which by God's assistance and your prowesse,  
 Shall with our swords yer night be cleane cut downe.

*Queen.* Lords, Knights, & gentlemen, what I should say,  
 My teares gainesaie, for as you see, I drinke  
 The water of mine eies. Then no more  
 But this. Henry your king is prisoner  
 In the tower, his land and all our friends  
 Are quite distrest, and yonder standes

The Wolfe that makes all this,  
 Then on Gods name Lords together cry saint George.  
*All.* Saint George for Lancaster.

*Alarmes to the battell, YORKE flies, then the chambers be discharged. Then enter the king, CLA. & GLO. & the rest, & make a great shout, and cry, for Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queene is taken, & the prince, & OXF. & SUM. and then sound and enter all againe.*

*Edw.* Lo here a period of tumultuous broiles,  
 Awaie with Oxford to Hames castell straight,  
 For Summerset off with his guiltie head.  
 Awaie I will not heare them speake.

*Oxf.* For my part Ile not trouble thee with words.

[Exit OXFORD.]

*Sum.* Nor I, but stoope with patience to my death.

[Exit SUM.]

*Edw.* Now Edward what satisfaction canst thou make,  
 For stirring vp my subiects to rebellion?

*Prin.* Speake like a subiect proud ambitious Yorke,  
 Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,  
 Resigne thy chaire, and where I stand kneele thou,  
 Whilst I propose the selfesame words to thee,  
 Which traytor thou woudst haue me answer to.

*Queen.* Oh that thy father had been so resolu'd:

*Glo.* That you might still haue kept your  
 Peticote, and nere haue stolne the  
 Breech from Lancaster.

*Prince.* Let Aesop fable in a winters night,  
 His currish Riddles sorts not with this place.

*Glo.* By heauen brat Ile plague you for that word.

*Queen.* I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

*Glo.* For Gods sake take awaie this captiue scold.

*Prin.* Nay take away this skolding Crooktbacke rather.

*Edw.* Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.

*Cla.* Vntuterd lad thou art too malepert.

*Prin.* I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull.

Lasciuious Edward, and thou periurd George,  
And thou mishapen Dicke, I tell you all,  
I am your better traytors as you be.

*Edw.* Take that, the litnes of this railer heere.

*Queen.* Oh kill me too.

*Glo.* Marrie and shall.

*Edw.* Hold Richard hold, for we haue doone too much  
alreadie.

*Glo.* Why should she liue to fill the world with words?

*Ed.* What doth she swound? make meanes for  
Her recouerie?

*Glo.* Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother.  
I must to London on a serious matter,

Ere you come there, you shall heere more newes.

*Cla.* About what, prethe tell me?

*Glo.* The Tower man, the Tower, Ile root them out.

[Exit GLOSTER.]

*Queen.* Ah Ned, speake to thy mother boy? ah  
Thou canst not speake.  
Traytors, Tyrants, bloudie Homicides,  
They that stabd Cæsar shed no bloud at all,  
For he was a man, this in respect a childe,  
And men nere spend their furie on a child,  
What's worse then tyrant that I maie name,  
You haue no children Deuils, if you had,  
The thought of them would then haue stopt your rage  
But if you euer hope to haue a sonne,  
Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off,  
As Traitors you haue doone this sweet young prince.

*Edw.* Awaie, and beare her hence.

*Queen.* Naie nere beare me hence, dispatch  
Me heere, heere sheath thy sword,  
He pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not?

Then Clarence, doe thou doe it ?

*Cla.* By Heauen I would not doe thee so much ease.

*Queen.* Good Clarence doe, sweet Clarence kill me too.

*Cla.* Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not do it ?

*Queen.* I, but thou vrest to forswear thy selfe,

Twas sinne before, but now tis charitie.

Whears the Diuels butcher, hardfaoured Richard,

Richard where art thou ? He is not heere,

Murder is his almes deed, petitioners

For bloud he nere put backe.

*Edw.* Awaie I saie, and take her hence perforce.

*Queen.* So come to you and yours, as to this prince. [*Ex.*

*Edw.* Clarence, whithers Gloster gone ?

*Cla.* Marrie my Lord to London, and as I gesse, to  
Make a bloudie supper in the Tower.

*Edw.* He is sudden if a thing come in his head.

Well, discharge the common souldiers with paie

And thanks, and now let vs towards London,

To see our gentle Queene how shee doth fare,

For by this I hope shee hath a sonne for vs.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter GLOSTER to king HENRY in the Tower.*

*Glo.* Good day my Lord. What at your booke so hard ?

*Hen.* I my good Lord. Lord I should saie rather,  
Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,  
Good Gloster, and good Diuell, were all alike,  
What scene of Death hath Rosius now to act ?

*Glo.* Suspition alwaies haunts a guiltie mind.

*Hen.* The birde once limde doth feare the fatall bush,  
And I the haplesse maile to one poore birde,  
Haue now the fatall obiect in mine eie,  
Where my poor young was limde, was caught & kild.

*Glo.* Why, what a foole was that of Creete ?  
That taught his sonne the office

Of a birde, and yet for all that the poore  
Fowle was drownde.

*Hen.* I Dedalus, my poor sonne Icarus,  
Thy father Minos that denide our course,  
Thy brother Edward, the sunne that searde his wings,  
And thou the enuious gulfe that swallowed him.  
Oh better can my brest abide thy daggers point,  
Then can mine eares that tragike historie.

*Glo.* Why dost thou thinke I am an executioner?

*Hen.* A persecutor I am sure thou art,  
And if murdering innocents be executions,  
Then I know thou art an executioner.

*Glo.* Thy sonne I kild for his presumption.

*Hen.* Hadst thou bin kild when first thou didst presume,  
Thou hadst not liude to kill a sonne of mine,  
And thus I prophesie of thee.  
That manie a Widdow for her husbands death,  
And many an infants water standing eie,  
Widowes for their husbands, children for their fathers,  
Shall curse the time that euer thou wert borne.  
The owle shrikt at thy birth, an euill signe,  
The night Crow cride, aboding lucklesse tune,  
Dogs howld and hideous tempests shooke down trees,  
The Rauens rookt her on the Chimnies top,  
And chattering Pies in dismall discord sung,  
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,  
And yet brought forth lesse then a mothers hope,  
To wit: an vndigest created lumpe,  
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree,  
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast borne,  
To signifie thou camst to bite the world,  
And if the rest be true that I haue heard,  
Thou camst into the world

[*He stabs him.*]

*Glo.* Die prophet in thy speech, Ile heare  
No more, for this amongst the rest, was I ordainde.

*Hen.* I and for much more slaughter after this.  
O God forgieue my sinnes, and pardon thee. [*He dies.*]

*Glo.* What? will the aspiring bloud of Lancaster  
Sinke into the ground. I had thought it would haue  
mounted,

See how my sword weepes for the poore kings death.  
Now maie such purple teares be alwaies shed,  
For such as seeke the downefall of our house.  
If anie sparke of life remaine in thee, [*Stab him againe.*]  
Downe, downe to hell, and saie I sent thee thither.  
I that haue neither pittie, loue nor feare.  
Indeed twas true that Henry told me of,  
For I haue often heard my mother saie,  
That I came into the world with my legs forward,  
And had I not reason thinke you to make hast,  
And seeke their ruines that vsurpt our rights?  
The women wept and the midwife cride,  
O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth.  
And so I was indeed, which plainelie signified,  
That I should snarle and bite, and plaie the dogge.  
Then since Heauen hath made my bodie so,  
Let hell make crookt my mind to answere it.  
I had no father, I am like no father,  
I haue no brothers, I am like no brothers,  
And this word *Loue* which graybeards tearme diuine,  
Be resident in men like one another,  
And not in me, I am my selfe alone.  
Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light,  
But I will sort a pitchie daie for thee.  
For I will buz abroad such prophesies,  
As Edward shall be fearefull of his life,  
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.  
Henry and his sonne are gone, thou Clarence next,  
And by one and one I will dispatch the rest,  
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.

He drag thy bodie in another roome,  
And triumph Henry in thy daie of doome.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter king EDWARD, Queene ELIZABETH, and a Nurse with  
the young prince, and CLARENCE, and HASTINGS, and  
others.*

*Edw.* Once more we sit in Englands royall throne,  
Repurchasde with the blood of enemies,  
What valiant foemen like to Autumnes corne,  
Have we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?  
Three Dukes of Summerset, threefold renownd  
For hardie and vndoubted champions.  
Two Cliffords, as the father and the sonne,  
And two Northumberland, two brauer men  
Nere spurd their coursers at the trumpets sound.  
With them the two rough Beares, Warwike and Montague.  
That in their chaines fettered the kinglie Lion,  
And made the Forrest tremble when they roard,  
Thus haue we swept suspition from our seat,  
And made our footstoole of securitie.  
Come hither Besse, and let me kisse my boie,  
Young Ned, for thee, thine Vncles and my selfe,  
Haue in our armors watcht the Winters night,  
Marcht all a foote in summers skalding heat,  
That thou mightst repossesse the crowne in peace,  
And of our labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

*Glo.* He blast his haruest and your head were laid,  
For yet I am not lookt on in the world.  
This shoulder was ordaind so thicke to heaue,  
And heaue it shall some waight or breake my backe,  
Worke thou the waie, and thou shalt execute.

*Edward.* Clarence and Gloster, loue my louelie Queene,  
And kisse your princely nephew brothers both.

*Cl.* The dutie that I owe vnto your Maiestie,  
I scale vpon the rosiate lips of this sweet babe.



*Queen.* Thankes noble Clarence worthie brother thankee.

*Gloster.* And that I loue the fruit from whence thou  
Sprangst, witnesse the louing kisse I giue the child.  
To saie the truth so Iudas kist his maister,  
And so he cried all haile, and meant all harme.

*Edward.* Nowe am I seated as my soule delights,  
Hauing my countries peace, and brothers loues.

*Cla.* What will your grace haue done with Margaret,  
Ranard her father to the king of France,  
Hath pawnd the Cyssels and Ierusalem,  
And hither haue they sent it for her ransome.

*Edw.* Awaie with her, and wafte hir hence to France,  
And now what rests but that we spend the time,  
With stately Triumphs and mirthfull comicke shewes,  
Such as befits the pleasures of the Court.  
Sound drums and Trumpets, farewell to sower annoy,  
For heere I hope begins our lasting ioie. [*Exeunt Omnes.*]





# THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

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HENRY VIII

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## INTRODUCTION.

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SHAKESPEARE'S play of *King Henry VIII.* was first printed in the folio of 1623. On the 12th of February, 1604 (New style, 1605), there is this memorandum in the books of the Stationers' Company :

"Nath. Butter.] Yf he get good allowance for the Enterlude of K. Henry 8th before he begyn to print yt, and then procure the Wardens' hand to yt for the entrance of yt, he is to have the same for his copy."

This shows that there was felt to be some risk of official interference with a play that dealt with the royalty of England in critical times not yet beyond the touch of living memory. A man of seventy-five in February, 1605, was a youth of seventeen when Henry VIII. died, but he would only have been a child of three in the year of the christening of Elizabeth, with which Shakespeare closed his play. The "good allowance" was obtained; for Nathaniel Butter did publish in that year (1605) —with a woodcut of Henry VIII. upon its title—

page—a play of King Henry VIII., called, ‘When you See me, you Know me; or, the famous Chronicle Historie of King Henrie the Eight, with the berth and vertuous life of Edward Prince of Wales. As it was playd by the high and mightie Prince of Wales his servants.” It is clear, therefore, that the entry made in February, 1605, referred to this play, which was by Samuel Rowley, and which was printed again for Nathaniel Butter in 1613 and in 1621, and of which there was a fourth edition in 1632. Thus there were three editions of Samuel Rowley’s play before the first printing of Shakespeare’s in the first folio. It is an artless play, in which the young Prince Edward and Will Summers, the King’s jester, are much dwelt upon; there are two fools to delight the audience, for Wolsey’s fool, Patch, is another of the persons of the comedy. It might even be said that there are three fools, his boisterous Majesty, King Henry VIII., being the third.

What evidence is there, then, as to the time when Shakespeare wrote his play of *King Henry the Eighth*? None. On the 29th of June, 1613, the old Globe Theatre was burnt down, about twenty years after its first erection, by the firing of the thatched roof over its stage during the performance of a play clearly identified by Sir Henry Wotton’s description of it, and by references to it

in a ballad of the time upon "The Lamentable Burning of the Globe Play-house on Saint Peter's Day." We learn that the discharge of chambers referred to was that in the fourth Scene of the First Act when, during Wolsey's banquet at York House, the King is supposed to be landing without, and the stage direction is "Drum and Trumpet. Chambers discharged." Chambers were shallow bombs, of little or no use for discharging shot, but used for firing powder on occasions of rejoicing. The old Globe was a summer theatre, open to the sky, but over the stage there was a thatched roofing to protect the actors and contribute to the framing of the groups they formed. Sir Henry Wotton, writing to his nephew on the 2nd of July, said, "Now to let matters of state sleep; I will entertain you at the present with what hath happened this week at the Bank-side. The King's players had a new play, called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the Knights of the Order, with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats, and the like: sufficient in truth, within a while, to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now King Henry, making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house,



and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming, within an hour, the whole house to the very grounds. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks: only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale."

Here, then, is clear identification of the scene in Shakespeare's play which gave occasion to the firing of the thatch. There is allusion in the ballad to the trial of Queen Katharine. This, with the omission of two verses that can well be spared, was the ballad written on occasion of

THE LAMENTABLE BURNING OF THE GLOBE  
PLAY-HOUSE ON S. PETER'S DAY.

— All you that please to understand,  
Come listen to my story,  
And see Death with his rake-hell brand  
Amongst the auditory ;  
Regarding neither Cardinal's state,  
Nor bearded face of Henry the Eight.  
O, sorrow ! &c.

“ This fearful fire began above  
By firing chambers two ;  
And to the stage did soon remove,  
And burn'd th' apparel new :  
Consuming every garish rag,  
Not sparing even the silken flag.  
O, sorrow ! &c.

“ Away ran knights, away ran lords,  
Away ran Burbage too :  
Some lost their hats, their cloaks and swords,  
For there was such ado.  
Old Tooley, careful of his bundle,  
Was forc'd to fly with Harry Cundell.  
O, sorrow ! &c.

“ Away ran poets, eight or nine,  
Who would take no denial ;  
Away ran Lady Katharine,  
Nor waited out her trial.  
Such trial was not in her part ;  
Escape was all she had at heart.  
O, sorrow ! &c.

While with swell'd lips, like drunken Fleming,  
Distraught and sad stood stuttering Hemming.  
O, sorrow ! &c.

“ Go, poets, and prepare petitions,  
And through all London beg :  
To the Lord Mayor now make submission,  
And fawn, and make a leg.  
Take heed you be not too too witty,  
Or you'll get nothing in the City.  
O, sorrow ! O, pitiful sorrow !  
And yet it All is True.”

A letter from John Chamberlain, dated the 8th of July, said, “ The burning of the Globe, or play-house, on the Bankside on St. Peter's Day, cannot escape you ; which fell out by a peal of chambers that, I know not on what occasion, were to be used in the play—the tampin or stopple of one of them, lighting in the thatch that covered the house, burnt it to the ground in less than two hours, with a dwelling-house adjoining, and it was a great marvel and fair grace of God that the people had so little harm, having but two narrow doors to get out.”

Ben Jonson was perhaps among those who escaped, for he may speak literally and not only with poetic vision, when he says in his “ Execration to Vulcan,” upon the burning of his own

Library, that he "saw" also this one among the fiery god's misdeeds.

"But O, those reeds ! Thy mere disdain of them  
Made thee beget that cruel stratagem,  
Which some are pleased to style but thy mad prank,  
Against the Globe, the glory of the Bank ;  
Which, though it were the fort of the whole parish,  
Flanked with a ditch, and forced out of a marish,  
I saw with two poor chambers taken in,  
And razed, ere thought could urge, 'This might have  
been.'"

Another account of the burning of the Globe Theatre is in the edition of Stow's "Annales" (first published in 1580), that appeared, "continued and augmented by Edmond Howes," in 1615. Howes writes of 1613 : "Also upon St. Peter's Day last the playhouse or theatre, called the Globe, upon the Bankside, near London, by negligent discharging of a piece of ordnance close to the south side thereof the thatch took fire, and the wind suddenly dispersed the flame round about, and in a very short space the whole building was quite consumed, and no man hurt ; the house being filled with people to behold the play, viz., of *Henry the Eighth* : and the next spring it was new builded in far fairer manner than before."

Shakespeare, at the time of the burning of the Globe, had entered his fiftieth year, and had lately

retired to Stratford. He died only three years afterwards at the age of fifty-two. Sir Henry Wotton speaks of *All is True* as a new play, but he writes as one who has no great interest in the stage. He was not yet made Provost of Eton, but was much employed in missions to Germany and Italy; and it was he who had then lately described an ambassador as "a good man sent to lie abroad for the sake of his country." The seventeen-year-old Princess Elizabeth had been married on the 14th of February in that year (1613) to the seventeen-year-old Elector Palatine. There had been pomp, masques and plays. They had left England on the 25th of April. The MS. Register of Lord Harrington, King James's treasurer of the chambers, shows that they had seen several of Shakespeare's plays acted under altered names: Part I. of *Henry IV.* as *Hotspur*, Part II. as *Sir John Falstaff*, *Much Ado about Nothing* as *Benedict and Beatrice*, *Julius Cæsar* as *Cæsar's Tragedy*. A new name for *King Henry VIII.* (*All is True*) might be enough to lead Sir Henry Wotton to the belief that it was a new play.

If really new in 1613, *King Henry VIII.* was probably the last play written by Shakespeare. I am disposed to agree with Johnson, Steevens and Malone in thinking that it was written towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth; but this is not

proved, as they suppose it to be proved, by showing good reason for belief that the references to James I. in the prophecy of Cranmer at the close of the play are interpolations. The reign of James was outside the conception of the poet ; but the reign of Elizabeth had close and direct relation to it. If Shakespeare wrote the play in 1612, James would have occurred to him then as little as in 1601 or 1602. But in 1613 the King's Players thought they saw good opportunity for paying compliments to James the First, and got their compliment so clumsily inserted that King James follows Elizabeth before Elizabeth's death is looked forward to as inevitable, and the death of Elizabeth appears as something that will happen after the accession of James. That there is interpolation I have not a doubt ; but I suspect that one part of the change consisted in a transference to James of some lines written by Shakespeare of Elizabeth, by simply writing "he" for "she." Raleigh's fair dream. that was not all a dream. of another Eng-

of her mariners, first gave her heart to the conception of a greater England with realms beyond the sea that should open sources of wealth like those which had added to the power of Spain. She gave its name to Virginia, and heaped wealth upon Raleigh, that he spent in furnishing his costly expeditions ; she granted patents in 1585 to private adventurers who sought to trade with Barbary, in 1588 to adventurers who sought to establish trade in Guinea, in 1592 to adventurers to the south of Sierra Leone. That aim of hers had a just place in Cranmer's prophecy, of which the latter part would read thus, when cleared of the intruded reference to James :—

“ Truth shall nurse her,  
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :  
She shall be loved and feared : her own shall bless her.  
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows with  
her :  
In her days every man shall eat in safety  
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :  
God shall be truly known ; and those about her  
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
And by these claim their greatness, not by blood.  
Wherever the bright sun of Heaven shall shine,  
Her honour and the greatness of her name  
Shall be, and make new nations. She shall flourish,  
And, like a mountain cedar, reach her branches

To all the plains about her : our children's children  
Shall see this and bless Heaven.

*K. Henry.* Thou speakest wonders.

*Cranmer.* She shall be, to the happiness of England,  
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
Would I had known no more ! but she must die,  
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,  
A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*K. Henry.* O, Lord Archbishop,  
Thou hast made me now a man ; never, before  
This happy child, did I get anything :  
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me  
That when I am in heaven I shall desire  
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker."

By what conceivable sequence of ideas could any poet, good or bad, have thrust King James the First into the very middle of this passage ? The birth of Elizabeth, her labour towards Peace and Reformation, were the direct outcome of the wild tossing of human fortunes which has been shown in the substance of the play. There is a picture of the instability of earthly glory, the rising and the breaking of the waves of fortune ; but it is not to leave the mind impressed with a vague sense of human life as a wild sea on which the just and unjust battle with the waves, or sink beneath them, with hope that looks only to some other world than this. The last thought is of God's



Providence directing all. Out of the fitful passions of the King there came the child through whom the nation was to rise hereafter to a higher life. It is another way of showing the truth spoken in the close of *Hamlet* :—

“There’s a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will.”

But only Elizabeth belonged to the play as the good come out of evil, blessing born of the events that seemed a curse upon the lives of men. The whole prophecy at her baptism is the fit close to the poem, in faith that

“All is best, though we oft doubt  
What the unsearchable dispose  
Of highest Wisdom brings about,  
And ever best found in the end.”

James the First can have no poetical relation to the play, for he is no outcome of its events. He has, from the poet’s point of view, no more right than the Grand Turk to a place in Cranmer’s prophecy. This is equally true, whether the play were written in 1602 or in 1612, under Elizabeth or under James. No argument against the later date of the play can be drawn, therefore, from this interpolation.

Argument for the later date has been drawn, not unreasonably, from the versification. Our first

blank verse was written in the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. by the Earl of Surrey. It was imitated from an Italian unrhymed measure, at a time when various forms of unrhymed verse were being tried in Italy ; and it consisted of ten syllables of iambic measure, every second syllable being accented, as in this line :—

“The greát | est món | aroh nów | álíve | may glór | y.”

Here there is a vowel over. In Italian that was not easily avoidable, because a large number of words in Italian end with unaccented vowels. The Italian verse which Surrey imitated did therefore close with that weak eleventh syllable. Surrey dropped it because most English words have lost their final vowels, and so his blank verse was ten-syllabled, as in this line :—

“His róy | al sélf | in júdg | ment cómes | to heár.”

Our earliest blank verse took few liberties with the accent, kept to its ten syllables, and usually brought a clause or sentence to its close at the closing of a line of verse. It was Marlowe who turned altogether from the use of rhyme in plays, and with a vigorous genius not only preferred blank verse but, about the year 1586, began the development of its great powers of poetical expression. The career of Marlowe as a dramatist extended

over seven years. During the greater part of this time Shakespeare was a beginner among the players, observing them and strengthening in power. At the close of those seven years he had become an original dramatist ; using blank verse at first with no more freedom in changes of accent, in the use of eleventh syllables, in the running of sentences over the ends of lines, and making skilful breaks within the lines, than he had learnt of Marlowe. But gradually the powers of blank verse grew under his hand. He made freer use of unaccented eleventh syllables, of variations in the accent, and advanced in that which Milton recognised as a main source of its power, "the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another." This freedom grew, and in its full growth produced what some regard as a third period in Shakespeare's versification when modification of accent, added syllables, and sentences variously interlaced are much more numerous than in his early plays. Now there is no play of Shakespeare's in which eleven-syllabled lines are so frequent as they are in *King Henry VIII.* One very able critic has observed that the unaccented eleventh syllables in *King Henry VIII.* are often detached monosyllables, a peculiarity that distinguishes this from other plays of Shakespeare, and, in the opinion of that critic, proves it to have been written by some other poet. It is noticeable, however, that this

feature is most marked in those passages of the play which are among the finest, and in which the genius of Shakespeare is most surely felt, as in this well-known passage, where, for convenience of illustration, in each line the syllable beyond the tenth is printed in italics :—

“ So, farewell to the little good you bear *me*.  
Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
This is the state of man : to-day he puts *forth*  
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon *him* :  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;  
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have *ventured*,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory,  
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me, and now has left *me*  
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide *me*.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate *ye* ;  
I feel my heart new opened.”

Here it may be observed that the only lines which close firmly with an accented syllable are the two that paint the “killing frost” that “nips the root,” and one that expresses the “high-blown pride” now fallen. The reader will observe especially the use of this measure in speeches like this of Wolsey’s in his fall, or that of Buckingham

before his execution. It breaks the pomp of each verse at the close, and gives to it a dying fall that suits the theme of the whole play, the broken pomps of life, the wave that rolls to its full height, then bows its crest and falls. If this be so, may we not say that, before the death of Elizabeth, Shakespeare was artist enough to suit his measure to his theme?

What was that theme? Wholly unlike the mirth and noise of targets, the fellow in long motley coat, the "fool and fight" referred to by contrast in the Prologue. Prologue and epilogue were written doubtless by some other hand for the production of the play in 1613; and the Prologue seems to have been meant as warning to the audience that this *King Henry VIII.* was Shakespeare's and not Samuel Rowley's. Rowley made of the subject such comedy as the Prologue points at. Shakespeare's treatment of it was profoundly earnest and religious.

The whole play tells us of the seeming chances and the sudden changes of this life, and the only trust in God. Henry VIII. stands in the centre as an earthly god, Fortune. He smiles, men prosper; if he frown, they die. Scene after scene shows the rise and fall of human fortunes as of waves of the great sea, and each fall—Buckingham's, Katharine's, Wolsey's—leads to the same thought—

## "Farewell

The hopes of Court! My hopes in Heaven do dwell."

Through four acts this is illustrated, not only by the main events, but by all incidental details. In the fifth act there is a new note struck in the music:—not alone to men singly, but to men in nations, to the race of man, the last and sure trust is in God, who turns our evil into good. He guides the nations in their darkest hours. His love is over all. The whole play of *King Henry VIII.* breathes a spirit that might be expressed in words from the 39th Psalm: "Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them. And now, Lord, what is my Hope? truly my Hope is even in Thee."

ca I The Fall with which the play opens is that of the Duke of Buckingham, and the first note struck is of the vanity of earthly pomp in a description of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. That meeting between King Henry and the King of France was in 1520; and Buckingham, at the height of his prosperity, but on the brink of ruin, is supposed to have been in France, kept by an ague from the meeting of the Kings, at which history says he was present. Shakespeare meant that his play should open with a picture of vain pomp and glory of the world. Its vanity the dialogue of the scene shows, for the

peace it celebrated was a false peace, and the rich lords had been sent thither by Wolsey that they might break their fortunes by selling manors to maintain their state. The scheming of Wolsey, the distrust of him by English nobles, the disdain of Buckingham, and Wolsey's will to take revenge for it, are all brought to mind before we are shown in action Wolsey passing in his state, "who in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain." The words of Buckingham after Wolsey has passed, here printed

"A beggar's look  
Outworths a noble's blood,"

stand in the first folio "a beggar's booke;" one editor reads "a beggar's brood." The whole attention of Wolsey and Buckingham is on the look of disdain wherewith each dares the other. Wolsey turns to his secretary for the paper that will bring his antagonist to the scaffold, where he shall "lessen this big look." Buckingham sees deadly purpose in the fixed eyes of Wolsey, and that this "beggar's look" is more than a noble's blood is worth—menaces death—and dwells on the same thought after the words of Norfolk's reply, saying,

"I read in's looks  
Matters against me;"

and again, "He's gone to the King, I'll follow and outstare him." Then follows immediately the arrest of Buckingham and of his son-in-law, Lord Abergavenny. Buckingham looks to Heaven in his fall :

"The will of Heaven be done  
In this and all things."

Abergavenny, when his arrest follows, resigns himself in like manner, and gives emphasis by the repetition,

"As the Duke said,  
The will of Heaven be done, and the King's pleasure  
By me obeyed."

In the next scene, in the Council Chamber, the breaking of this wave of earthly fortune is continued; Wolsey's wave is still high. "The King enters, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder." Katharine's wave is still high; when she enters "the King rises from his State, takes her up, kisses and places her by him." The two chief examples of the instability of earthly glory, Wolsey and Katharine, are now face to face. Katharine is made throughout the play as near to an angel as she can be and yet be a woman, and a Spanish Princess too. She pleads against exactions burdening the people, puts in warning words of mercy while Wolsey presses his revenge against Bucking-



ham to the death. The contrast is carefully maintained in other scenes, for "there is one end to the just and to the unjust;" there is no sure foothold on the paths of this world's wealth. Buckingham is under the King's frown, and sent to trial as a traitor for proud words reported by the men of his own household whom he trusted most. Then we pass from the fall of Buckingham to the rising of the wave that will bear Anne Boleyn to her crowning—a scene, perhaps not written by Shakespeare, seems to have no aim but the avoidance of a direct passing from Wolsey in the Council Chamber to Wolsey as luxurious host in York Place. Then follows the banqueting, to which the King comes masqued, and with his dignity announced by that discharge of chambers which set fire to the Globe Theatre in June, 1613. Here the King takes Anne Boieyn for the dance. He is passionately occupied with her, and when Wolsey would interpose a little check by withdrawing his impetuous guest to the banqueting room his Majesty has sense of his own in answer to the Cardinal's

"Your grace,  
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.  
*K. Hen.* I fear, too much."

So to the feast in the next chamber, and then back to the dance, and then

“Let’s dream  
Who’s best in favour.”

Thus in the First Act we have the beginning of the Fall of Buckingham, and the beginning of the Rise of Anne Boleyn.

(60) In the Second Act we have the completed Fall of Buckingham, the continued Rise of Anne, and the beginning of the Fall of Katharine.

Two gentlemen meet, to see Buckingham pass to his execution. They will meet again in the play to see Anne pass to her coronation. Their dialogue describes Buckingham’s trial, and continues illustrative of the clouds of ill-will gathering in Wolsey’s earthly heaven. Buckingham passes—“tipstaves before him; the axe with its edge towards him.” His last words are pathetic, with that dying fall in the metre which we find afterwards marked as strongly in the speeches of the fallen Wolsey. Buckingham is passing out of the vain shadow, with his one last hope in God. Of those who loved him he asks that they will

Then follows one of those touches of poetic irony frequent in Shakespeare. It is applied, of course, to the theme of the play, the vanity of earthly pomp :

*Vaux.* Prepare there !  
The Duke is coming : see the barge be ready ;  
And fit it with such furniture as suits  
The greatness of his person.

*Buck.* Nay, Sir Nicholas,  
Let it alone : my state will now but mock me.  
When I came hither I was Lord High Constable  
And Duke of Buckingham ; now poor Edward Bohun."

In the close of that speech we have Buckingham's last words. They include expression of the faith which Shakespeare planned the last act of *King Henry VIII.* to confirm : " Heaven has an end in all." They close with the fallen man's last prayer, " I have done, and God forgive me."—" And now, Lord, what hope I for ? Truly my hope is in Thee."

The next words of the gentlemen who have seen Buckingham pass to the scaffold, while his last breath is still in their ears, carry our minds on without pause to the breaking of the next great wave of fortune :—

" 1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity.—Sir, it calls,  
I fear, too many curses on their heads  
That were the authors

2 *Gent.* If the Duke be guiltless  
'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling  
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
Greater than this."

At once we pass to the beginning of the Fall of Katharine, still blended with suggestion of the practices of Wolsey :—

"The Cardinal  
Will have his will, and she must fall."

Katharine is in this dialogue, "the good Queen ;" Wolsey, a man in whom ambition begets malice.

The second scene opens with illustration of Wolsey's overbearing pride, and the ill-will to him of the nobility. But he is strong in the King's favour. He has brought Cardinal Campeius to join in trial of the question of Katharine's divorce, which the new fancy for Anne Boleyn has caused the King to be impatient for. The lords (Norfolk and Suffolk) propose to try their skill with the King in opposition to the influence of Wolsey ; but they are chidden away as dogs. Wolsey is master of the situation. Henry's "Who's there?" before Wolsey enters, is another fierce roar of the angry lion as he hears more steps approaching. But the tone changes to the warmest welcome when Wolsey enters with Campeius. It is, rough and loud, "Who's there?" then soft and low.

"My good Lord Cardinal? O, my Wolsey,  
The quiet of my wounded conscience."

Wolsey's glance at the two lords, as he says,

"I would your grace would give us but an hour  
Of private conference,"

produces from King Henry a loud and rough dismissal of them: "We are busy. Go."

When the Cardinals arrange for the trial of the question of the King's divorce from Katharine, because she had been his brother Arthur's wife, we have an incidental touch, showing how minor details of a poet's work are brought into relation with the whole design. We have the beginning of the Rise of Gardiner thus indicated:—Henry has taken to him, and made him his secretary. When Henry thinks of sending to tell the Queen what is purposed by the coming of Campeius, it occurs to him to send by Gardiner, whom he misses. When he abruptly asks, "Where's Gar-

Wolsey brings him, and exchanges words with him to keep him in subordination to himself; but they are few, for his impatient Majesty breaks in with his, "Come hither, Gardiner." While the King speaks apart with Gardiner, whose wave of fortune is upon the rise, a little dialogue between Campeius and Wolsey points incidentally to the predecessor upon whose fall Gardiner has risen:—

*Cam.* My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace  
In this man's place before him?

*Wol.* Yes, he was.

*Cam.* Was he not held a learned man?

*Wol.* Yes, surely.

*Cam.* Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,  
Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal.

*Wol.* How! of me?

*Cam.* They will not stick to say, you envied him,  
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved him,  
That he ran mad, and died.

*Wol.* Heaven's peace be with him!  
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers  
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;

his portion." As Wolsey is to Queen Katharine in the play, so is Gardiner to Doctor Pace. But Katharine and Dr. Pace were not saved by their worth from being crushed under the wheel of earthly fortune.

The third scene of this Act shows the continued Rise of Anne; the fourth then passes to the Fall of Katharine. Anne Boleyn is painted throughout as worthy to be the mother of Queen Elizabeth; and the substance of the last Act is foreshadowed by reference from time to time to some great blessing that shall spring from her. Again also the theme of the play is maintained by contrast of Anne's character with that of a worldly old Court lady, who meets deep sympathy for the fallen Queen with shallow words of course. To Anne's faith that

"T is better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow,"

the old Court lady replies in the conventional tone, "Our content is our best having;" but in all that she says afterwards, Shakespeare paints humourously the petty greed of a small courtier's unsatisfied ambition. When the Lord Chamberlain has interrupted them with announcements of the

King's creation of Anne Marchioness of Pembroke, with a thousand pounds a year, and has then departed with the note to himself that in Anne Boleyn beauty and honour are so mingled

"That they have caught the King ; and who knows  
yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem  
To lighten all this isle ?—"

the old lady gives her own reading of a lesson on the freaks of fortune :—

"Why, this it is ; see, see !

I have been begging sixteen years in Court,—

Am yet a courtier beggarly,—nor could

Come pat between too early and too late

For any suit of pounds ; and you, O Fate !

A very fresh-fish here—fie, fie upon

This compelled fortune !—have your mouth filled  
up

Before you open it."

In the next scene, of the Ecclesiastical Court in the house of the Dominicans, Blackfriars, there is an opening touch to mark the King's impatience. Wolsey proposes that the Commissions of the Cardinals should be read, and the King breaks in impatiently with—

"What's the need ?

It hath already publicly been read,

And on all sides the authority allowed ;

You may, then, spare that time."



This impatience of a quarter of an hour's delay at the beginning of the scene gives measure of the anger at the end, when nothing is attained but an indefinite postponement.

"I may perceive,  
These Cardinals trifle with me : I abhor  
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.  
My learn'd and well-belov'd servant, Cranmer,  
Pr'ythee return : with thy approach, I know,  
My comfort comes along."

Then angrily, "Break up the Court!—I say, set on." All readers feel the charm that is given in this scene to the character of Katharine by the skilful blending of love, patience, piety, and all womanly graces with high spirit; by the praise that comes with double force from the lips of the husband who is putting her away. We may note also the continued use of Katharine and Wolsey, the two chief types of the fickleness of earthly fortune, as opposites to each other in the spirit, although subject to like forfeits in the flesh.

The Third Act of *King Henry VIII.* in its two scenes is wholly occupied with Katharine and Wolsey. The first scene represents the fallen Queen among her women, and sets her grief to soft music that in Shakespeare's plays was used for expression of the harmony within immortal souls. The words of the song indeed express the thought.

The power of Orpheus is the power of the divine harmony within to calm the waves of passion and bring peace.

“ Everything that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Now again there is Katharine in contact with Wolsey, simple truth with worldly policy ; and in the next scene the talk of the nobles shows, with the Rise of Cranmer, the impending Fall of Wolsey. Then Wolsey enters with disturbed mind, into which we pass (for an *Aside* means always, Now you hear thinking) and find among all its troubles an unshaken confidence of power:—

“ This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;  
Then, out it goes.”

The King enters, reading the inventory of Wolsey's wealth, put by mistake into the packet to him: “ What piles of wealth hath he accumulated,” “ He heapeth up riches.—” The King departs, “ frowning upon Wolsey,” and leaves him with the paper that completed his ruin. He looks first at the inventory of his wealth, and thinks out a subtlety to overcome that difficulty with the King ; but looks then on

the other paper. It is his letter to the Pope ; and he is ruined beyond all earthly hope. He is subject to the insults of the nobles, and his eyes are opened to the vanity of earthly glory:

“Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye !  
I feel my heart new opened.”

We are shown now the better side of Wolsey, through the love for him in those of his own household. In the scene with Cromwell, while the Rise of others on his Fall is told him, out of the heart new opened comes its inmost goodness, and Wolsey reads the lesson of his life to Cromwell, by bidding him avoid its faults, self-seeking revenge, corrupt dealing, as his had been with those who betrayed Buckingham :

‘Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee.  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.  
Let all the ends thou aim’st at be thy country’s,  
Thy God’s, and truth’s : then if thou fall’st, O Cromwell,  
Thou fall’st a blessed martyr. Serve the King ;  
And—Pr’ythee lead me in :  
There take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny ; ’t is the King’s : my robe,  
And my integrity to Heaven, is all  
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal

I served my King, He would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Cromwell.* Good sir, have patience.

*Wolsey.*

So I have.—Farewell

The hopes of Court ! my hopes in Heaven do dwell."

"Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain : he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them. And now, Lord, what is my hope : truly my hope is in Thee."

*Act IV* The Fourth Act contains two contrasted scenes. One is the coronation of Anne Boleyn ; the other is the death of Katharine. The two gentlemen who meet at the crowning of Anne significantly remember that they last met at the execution of Buckingham. One tells another of the dying and deserted Queen at Kimbolton. There is a sigh for the fall of Queen Katharine, followed immediately by the sound of trumpets in the celebration of the rise of Queen Anne.

"Alas, good lady !

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound : stand close, the Queen is coming."

Then enters another show of pomp—the manner of presenting the play being designed to give "the view of earthly glory." The description of the coronation includes talk of the sickness of the ruined Cardinal, of the rise of Gardiner to be Bishop of Winchester, of Cranmer to the Arch-

bishopric, of Thomas Cromwell to the Privy Council ; rise and fall everywhere of the waves of fortune.

The second scene includes the telling of the death of Wolsey with the showing of the death of Katharine. Wolsey died, in fact, on the 29th of November, 1530, and Katharine in January, 1536, more than two years after the birth of Elizabeth ; and the coronation of Anne Boleyn was in June, 1533. But in poetry essential truths are shown by bringing suggestive incidents into the most significant relation to each other. So the death of Wolsey is told as recent to the dying Katharine. Wolsey's ambition ends with his appeal to the Abbot of Leicester :

"O father Abbot,  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;  
Give him a little earth for charity !"

Katharine's last remembrance of their opposition to each other is lost in words of charity that show the better side of the fallen Cardinal and tell how—

"His overthrow heaped happiness upon him ;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little :  
And, to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him, he died fearing God."

The death of Katharine with her last hope in God is marked by soft music :

“Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
On that celestial harmony I go to.”

Her vision then presents to the eyes of the spectators, while music suggests also, the heavenly crown she has attained. The spark of royal feeling near the close is the last flash of her mortality, but the last words are of kind thought for those whom she has loved and is now leaving.

Act V Then in the Fifth Act comes the application to the sum of life, to the community of man as to the single man, of the faith expressed by fallen Buckingham :

“Heaven has an end in all.”

The whole Act is concerned with two things : a picture in little of the divisions in the Church, with a control tending towards Reformation ; and the birth of Elizabeth, with the prophecy that she, for whom so many seeming chances of unequal fortune had prepared the way, would be a Queen in whose day every man should sing the merry songs of peace to all his neighbours, God should be truly known, and characters of men should give the measure of their greatness. The hope was large,

and true although for full accomplishment England must wait long years beyond the days of Elizabeth or of Victoria. But Shakespeare heard, as we all may hear, the voice of God in History, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee : Be not dismayed, for I am thy God."

H. M.

# KING HENRY VIII.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.**

**CARDINAL WOLSEY.**

**CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.**

**CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from  
Charles V.**

**CRANMER, Archbishop of Can-  
terbury.**

**DUKE OF NORFOLK.**

**DUKE OF SUFFOLK.**

**DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.**

**EARL OF SURREY.**

*Lord Chamberlain.*

*Lord Chancellor.*

**GARDINER, Bishop of Win-  
chester.**

**BISHOP OF LINCOLN.**

**LORD ABERGAVENNY.**

**LORD SANDS.**

**SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.**

**SIR THOMAS LOVELL.**

**SIR ANTHONY DENNY.**

**SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.**

*Secretaries to Wolsey.*

**CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.**

**GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to  
Queen Katharine.**

*Three other Gentlemen.*

*Garter King-at-Arms.*

**DR. BUTTS, Physician to the  
King.**

*Surveyor to the Duke of Buck-  
ingham.*

**BRANDON, and a Serjeant-at-  
Arms.**

*Door-keeper of the Council-  
chamber.*

*Porter, and his Man.*

*Page to Gardiner. A Crier.*

**QUEEN KATHARINE, Wife to  
King Henry.**

**ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of  
Honour.**

*An Old Lady, Friend to Anne  
Bullen.*

**PATIENCE, Woman to Queen  
Katharine.**

*Several Lords and Ladies in  
the Dumb-shows; Women  
attending upon the Queen;  
Spirits, which appear to her;  
Scribes, Officers, Guards,  
and other attendants.*



Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,  
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,  
We now present. Those that can pity, here  
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;  
The subject will deserve it. Such as give  
Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find Truth too. Those that come to see  
Only a show or two, and so agree  
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,  
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling  
Richly in two short hours. Only they  
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,  
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,  
Will be deceived ; for, gentle hearers, know,  
To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting  
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring  
To make that only true we now intend,  
Will leave us never an understanding friend.  
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known  
The first and happiest hearers of the town,  
Be sad, as we would make ye : think, ye see  
The very persons of our noble story  
As they were living ; think, you see them great,  
And followed with the general throng and sweat

Of thousand friends : then, in a moment, see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery :  
And if you can be merry then, I'll say  
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. An Ante-chamber in the  
Palace.

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one door ; at the  
other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord  
ABERGAVENNY.*

*Buck.* Good morrow, and well met. How have  
ye done  
Since last we saw in France ?

*Nor.* I thank your grace,  
Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer  
Of what I saw there.

*Buck.* An untimely ague  
Stayed me a prisoner in my chamber when  
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,  
Met in the vale of Andren.

*Nor.* 'Twixt Guynes and Arde :  
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;

Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung  
In their embracement as they grew together,  
Which had they, what four throned ones could  
have weighed

Such a compounded one ?

*Buck.*

All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Nor.*

Then you lost

The view of earthly glory : men might say,  
Till this time Pomp was single, but now married  
To one above itself. Each following day  
Became the next day's master, till the last  
Made former wonders its. To-day the French  
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
Shone down the English ; and to-morrow they  
Made Britain, India : every man that stood  
Showed like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
As cherubins, all gilt ; the madams too,  
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
The pride upon them, that their very labour  
Was to them as a painting. Now this masque  
Was cried incomparable ; and the ensuing night  
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings,  
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
As presence did present them, him in eye  
Still him in praise ; and, being present both,

Tw'as said, they saw but one, and no discerner  
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these  
                  suns

(For so they phrase them) by their heralds chal-  
lenged

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous  
story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,—  
That Bevis was believed.

*Buck.* O, you go far.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship, and affect  
In honour honesty, the tract of everything  
Would by a good discourser lose some life  
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal :  
To the disposing of it nought rebelled ;  
Order gave each thing view, the office did  
Distinctly his full function.

*Buck.* Who did guide,

Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

*Buck.* The devil speed him ! No man's pie is  
freed

From his ambitious finger. What had he  
To do in these fierce vanities ? I wonder,  
That such a keech can with his very bulk  
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,  
And keep it from the earth.

*Nor.*

Surely, sir,

There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends.  
For, being not propped by ancestry, whose grace  
Chalks successors their way ; nor called upon  
For high feats done to the Crown ; neither allied  
To eminent assistants ; spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawing web,—give us note,—  
The force of his own merit makes his way,  
A gift that Heaven gives for him, which buys  
A place next to the king.

*Aber.*

I cannot tell

What Heaven hath given him ; let some graver  
eye

Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him : whence has he  
that ?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,  
Or has given all before, and he begins

A new hell in himself.

*Buck.*

Why the devil,

Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,  
Without the privity o' the King, t'appoint  
Who should attend on him? He makes up the  
file

Of all the gentry ; for the most part such  
To whom as great a charge as little honour  
He meant to lay upon : and his own letter,  
The honourable Board of Council out,  
Must fetch him in the papers.

*Aber.*

I do know

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
By this so sickened their estates, that never  
They shall abound as formerly.

*Buck.*

O, many

Have broke their backs with laying manors on  
them

For this great journey. What did this vanity,  
But minister communication of  
A most poor issue?

A thing inspired, and, not consulting, broke  
Into a general prophecy,—that this tempest,  
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded  
The sudden breach on 't.

*Nor.* Which is budded out ;  
For France hath flawed the league, and hath  
attached

Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

*Aber.* Is it therefore  
The ambassador is silenced ?

*Nor.* Marry, is 't.

*Aber.* A proper title of a peace, and purchased  
At a superfluous rate.

*Buck.* Why, all this business  
Our reverend Cardinal carried.

*Nor.* Like it your grace,  
The State takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you,—  
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
Honour and plenteous safety—that you read  
The Cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together ; to consider further, that  
What his high hatred would effect wants not  
A minister in his power. You know his nature,  
That he's revengeful ; and I know his sword  
Hath a sharp edge : it's long, and 't may be said,





Ask God for temperance ; that 's the appliance  
only

Which your disease requires.

*Buck.*

I read in 's looks

Matter against me ; and his eye reviled

Me, as his abject object : at this instant

He bores me with some trick. He's gone to the  
King ;

I'll follow, and outstare him.

*Nor.*

Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler question

What 't is you go about. To climb steep hills

Requires slow pace at first : anger is like

A full-hot horse, who being allowed his way,

Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England

Can advise me like you : be to yourself

As you would to your friend.

*Buck.*

I'll to the King ;

And from a mouth of honour quite cry down

This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim

There's difference in no persons.

*Nor.*

Be advised ;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot

That it do singe yourself. We may outrun

By violent swiftness that which we run at,

And lose by over-running. Know you not,

The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,  
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advised :  
I say again, there is no English soul  
More stronger to direct you than yourself,  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

*Buck.*

Sir,

I am thankful to you, and I'll go along  
By your prescription ; but this top-proud fellow,—  
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
From sincere motions,—by intelligence,  
And proofs as clear as founts in July when  
We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
To be corrupt and treasonous.

*Nor.*

Say not, treasonous.

*Buck.* To the King I'll say 't ; and make my  
vouch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
Or wolf, or both—for he is equal ravenous,

Did break i' the rinsing.

*Nor.*

'Faith, and so it did.

*Buck.* Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning

Cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew

As himself pleased ; and they were ratified,

As he cried, " Thus let be : " to as much end

As give a crutch to the dead. But our Count-

Cardinal

Has done this, and 't is well ; for worthy Wolsey,

Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,

Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy

To the old dam, treason : Charles the Emperor,

Under pretence to see the Queen, his aunt,—

For 't was, indeed, his colour ; but he came

To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation.

His fears were, that the interview betwixt

England and France might, through their amity,

Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league

Peeped harms that menaced him : he privily

Deals with our Cardinal, and, as I trow, —

Which I do well ; for, I am sure, the Emperor

Paid ere he promised, whereby his suit was granted

Ere it was asked,—but when the way was made,

And paved with gold, the Emperor thus desired :

That he would please to alter the King's course,

And break the foresaid peace. Let the King  
know—

As soon he shall, by me—that thus the Cardinal  
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,  
And for his own advantage.

*Nor.* I am sorry  
To hear this of him ; and could wish he were  
Something mistaken in 't.

*Buck.* No, not a syllable.  
I do pronounce him in that very shape  
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON ; a Serjeant-at-Arms before him,  
and two or three of the Guard.*

*Bran.* Your office, serjeant ; execute it.

*Serj.* Sir,  
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl  
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I  
Arrest thee of high treason in the name  
Of our most sovereign King.

*Buck.* Lo you. my lord.

You shall to the Tower.

*Buck.* It will help me nothing  
To plead mine innocence ; for that dye is on me  
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of  
Heaven

Be done, in this and all things.—I obey.—

O, my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well !

*Bran.* Nay, he must bear you company.—[*To*  
*ABERGAVERNNY.*] The King  
Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know  
How he determines further.

*Aber.* As the Duke said,  
The will of Heaven be done, and the King's pleasure

By me obeyed !

*Bran.* Here is a warrant from  
The King to attach Lord Montacute ; and the  
bodies

Of the Duke's confessor, John de la Car,  
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

*Buck.* So, so ;  
These are the limbs o' the plot. No more, I  
hope.

*Bran.* A monk o' the Chartreux.

*Buck.* O, Nicholas Hopkins !

*Bran.* He

*Buck.* My surveyor is false : the o'er-great  
Cardinal  
Hath showed him gold. My life is spanned al-  
ready :  
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,  
By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.  
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.—The Council-chamber.

*Cornets.* Enter King HENRY, leaning on the Car-  
dinal's shoulder, the Nobles, and Sir THOMAS  
LOVELL : the Cardinal places himself under  
the King's feet on his right side.

*K. Hen.* My life itself, and the best heart of it,  
Thanks you for this great care : I stood i' the  
level  
Of a full charged confederacy, and give thanks  
To you that choked it.—Let be called before us  
That gentleman of Buckingham's : in person  
I'll hear him his confessions justify ;  
And point by point the treasons of his master  
He shall again relate.

*A noise within, crying, 'Room for the Queen !'  
Enter the QUEEN, ushered by the Dukes of  
NORFOLK and SUFFOLK : she kneels. The KING  
riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and  
placeth her by him.*

*Q. Kath.* Nay, we must longer kneel : I am a  
suitor.

*K. Hen.* Arise, and take place by us :—half your  
suit

Never name to us : you have half our power :  
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;  
Repeat your will, and take it.

*Q. Kath.* Thank your majesty.  
That you would love yourself, and in that love  
Not unconsidered leave your honour, nor  
The dignity of your office, is the point  
Of my petition.

*K. Hen.* Lady mine, proceed.

*Q. Kath.* I am solicited, not by a few,  
And those of true condition, that your subjects  
Are in great grievance. There have been com-  
missions  
Sent down among 'em, which hath flawed the  
heart

Of all their loyalties : wherein, although,

My good lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on  
Of these exactions, yet the King our master,—  
Whose honour Heaven shield from soil !—even he  
escapes not

Language unmannerly ; yea, such which breaks  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion.

*Nor.* Not ‘almost appears,’—  
It doth appear ; for upon these taxations,  
The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
The many to them longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers ; who,  
Unfit for other life, compelled by hunger  
And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,  
And Danger serves among them.

*K. Hen.* Taxation !  
Wherein ? and what taxation ?—My lord Cardinal,



You know no more than others : but you frame  
Things, that are known alike, which are not whole-  
some

To those which would not know them, and yet  
must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions  
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are  
Most pestilent to the hearing ; and to bear 'em,  
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say  
They are devised by you ; or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation.

*K. Hen.*

Still exaction !

The nature of it ? In what kind, let's know,  
Is this exaction ?

*Q. Kath.*

I am much too venturous

In tempting of your patience ; but am boldened  
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief  
Comes through commissions, which compel from  
each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied  
Without delay ; and the pretence for this  
Is named, your wars in France. This makes bold  
mouths :

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts  
freeze

Allegiance in them : their curses now

Live where their prayers did ; and it's come to  
pass

That tractable obedience is a slave  
To each incenséd will. I would, your highness  
Would give it quick consideration ; for  
There is no primer business.

*K. Hen.*

By my life,

This is against our pleasure.

*Wol.*

And for me,

I have no further gone in this, than by  
A single voice, and that not passed me but  
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am  
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know  
My faculties nor person yet will be  
The chronicles of my doing, let me say  
'T is but the fate of place and the rough brake  
That virtue must go through. We must not stint  
Our necessary actions in the fear  
To cope malicious censurers, which ever,  
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow

In fear our motion will be mocked or carped at,  
We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
State-statues only.

*K. Hen.* Things done well,  
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;  
Things done without example, in their issue  
Are to be feared. Have you a precedent  
Of this commission ? I believe, not any.  
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?  
A trembling contribution ! Why, we take  
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber ;  
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hacked,  
The air will drink the sap. To every county,  
Where this is questioned, send our letters, with  
Free pardon to each man that has denied  
The force of this commission. Pray, look to't ;  
I put it to your care.

*Wol.* [*To the Secretary.*] A word with you.  
Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
Of the King's grace and pardon. The grieved  
commons

Hardly conceive of me ; let it be noised,  
That through our intercession this revokement  
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you  
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*]

*Enter Surveyor.*

*Q. Kath.* I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham  
Is run in your displeasure.

*K. Hen.* It grieves many :  
The gentleman is learned, and a most rare speaker ;  
To nature none more bound, his training such  
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
And never seek for aid out of himself.

Yet see,  
When these so noble benefits shall prove  
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,  
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,  
Who was enrolled 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
Almost with ravished listening, could not find  
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,  
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
That once were his, and is become as black  
As if besmeared in hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear—  
This was his gentleman in trust—of him  
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount  
The fore-recited practices ; whereof  
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

*Vol* Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate  
what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected  
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

*K. Hen.* Speak freely.

*Surv.* First, it was usual with him, every day  
It would infect his speech, that if the King  
Should without issue die, he 'll carry 't so  
To make the sceptre his. These very words  
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,  
Lord Aberg'a'ny, to whom by oath he menaced  
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

*Wol.* Please your highness, note  
This dangerous conception in this point.  
Not friended by his wish, to your high person  
His will is most malignant; and it stretches  
Beyond you, to your friends.

*Q. Kath.* My learned lord Cardinal,  
Deliver all with charity.

*K. Hen.* Speak on.

*Surv.* Sir, a Chartreux friar,  
His confessor : who fed him every minute  
With words of sovereignty.

*K. Hen.* How know'st thou this ?

*Surv.* Not long before your highness sped to  
France,

The Duke being at the Rose, within the parish  
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the Londoners  
Concerning the French journey ? I replied,  
Men feared the French would prove perfidious,  
To the King's danger. Presently the Duke  
Said, 't was the fear, indeed ; and that he doubted  
'T would prove the verity of certain words  
Spoke by a holy monk, "that oft," says he,  
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour  
To hear from him a matter of some moment :  
Whom after, under the confession's seal,  
He solemnly had sworn that what he spoke  
My chaplain to no creature but to me  
Should utter, with demure confidence  
This pausingly ensued,—'Neither the King nor's  
heirs,

Tell you the Duke, shall prosper : bid him strive  
To gain the love of the commonalty : the Duke

Shall govern England.'

*Q. Kath.* If I know you well,  
You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office  
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed  
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,  
And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed;  
Yes, heartily beseech you.

*K. Hen.* Let him on.—  
Go forward.

*Surv.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
I told my lord the Duke, by the devil's illusions  
The monk might be deceived; and that 't was  
dangerous for him  
To ruminate on this so far until  
It forged him some design, which, being believed,  
It was much like to do. He answered, 'Tush!  
It can do me no damage;' adding further,  
That had the King in his last sickness failed,  
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
Should have gone off.

*K. Hen.* Ha! what, so rank? Ah ha!  
There's mischief in this man.—Canst thou say  
further?

*Surv.* I can, my liege.

*K. Hen.* Proceed.

*Surv.* Being at Greenwich,

After your highness had reproved the Duke  
About Sir William Blomer,—

*K. Hen.*

I remember

Of such a time: being my sworn servant,  
The Duke retained him his.—But on: what  
hence?

*Surv.* ‘If,’ quoth he, ‘I for this had been com-  
mitted,

As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have played  
The part my father meant to act upon  
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in’s presence; which if granted,  
As he made semblance of his duty, would  
Have pat his knife into him.’

*K. Hen.*

A giant traitor!

*Wol.* Now, madam, may his highness live in  
freedom,

And this man out of prison?

*Q. Kath.*

God mend all!

*K. Hen.* There’s something more would out of  
thee: what say’st?

*Surv.* After ‘the Duke his father,’ with ‘the  
knife,’

He stretched him, and, with one hand on his  
dagger,

Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,



He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenor  
Was,—were he evil used, he would outgo  
His father, by as much as a performance  
Does an irresolute purpose.

*K. Hen.* There's his period,  
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attached ;  
Call him to present trial : if he may  
Find mercy in the law, 't is his ; if none,  
Let him not seek 't of us. By day and night,  
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord SANDS.*

*Cham.* Is 't possible the spells of France should  
juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries ?

*Sands.* New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are followed.

*Cham.* As far as I see, all the good our English  
Have got by the late voyage is but merely  
A fit or two o' the face ; but they are shrewd  
ones,  
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly



With all their honourable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thereunto; as fights and fireworks;  
Abusing better men than they can be,  
Out of a foreign wisdom; renouncing clean  
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,  
Short blistered breeches, and those types of travel,  
And understand again like honest men;  
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,  
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away  
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laughed at.

*Sands.* 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their  
diseases  
Are grown so catching.

*Cham.* What a loss our ladies  
Will have of these trim vanities!

*Lov.* Ay, marry,  
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons  
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;  
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

*Sands.* The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they're  
going,  
For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now,  
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,  
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,  
Held current music too.

*Cham.* Well said, Lord Sands :  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

*Sands.* No, my lord,  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

*Cham.* Sir Thomas,  
Whither were you a-going ?

*Lov.* To the Cardinal's.  
Your lordship is a guest too.

*Cham.* O, 't is true :  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,  
To many lords and ladies ; there will be  
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

*Lov.* That churchman bears a bounteous mind  
indeed,  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;  
His dews fall everywhere.

*Cham.* No doubt, he's noble ;  
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

*Sands.* He may, my lord,—has wherewithal ; in  
him  
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine :  
Men of his way should be most liberal ;  
They are set here for examples.

*Cham.* True, they are so ;  
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;  
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good Sir Thomas,

We shall be late else ; which I would not be,  
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,  
This night to be comptrollers.

*Sands.*

I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.—The Presence-chamber in York Place.

*Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter ANNE BULLEN, and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen, as guests, at one door ; at another door, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.*

*Guild.* Ladies, a general welcome from his grace  
Salutes ye all ; this night he dedicates  
To fair content, and you. None here, he hopes,  
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her  
One care abroad ; he would have all as merry  
As far's good company, good wine, good welcome,  
Can make good people.

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir  
THOMAS LOVELL.*

O, my lord, you are tardy ;  
The very thought of this fair company  
Clapped wings to me

*Cham.* You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

*Sands.* Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal  
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these  
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,  
I think would better please 'em : by my life,  
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

*Lov.* O, that your lordship were but now  
confessor

To one or two of these.

*Sands.* I would I were ;

They should find easy penance.

*Lov.* 'Faith, how easy !

*Sands.* As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

*Cham.* Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ? Sir  
Harry,

Place you that side ; I'll take the charge of this :  
His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze ;  
Two women placed together makes cold weather :—  
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep them  
waking ;

Pray, sit between these ladies.

*Sands.* By my faith,

And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet  
ladies :

[*Sits himself between ANNE BULLEN  
and another Lady.*]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;  
I had it from my father.

*Anne.* Was he mad, sir ?

*Sands.* O ! very mad, exceeding mad, in love  
too ;

But he would bite none : just as I do now,  
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*]

*Cham.* Well said, my lord.—

So, now you are fairly seated.—Gentlemen,  
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

*Sands.* For my little cure,  
Let me alone.

*Hautboys.* Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended, and  
takes his state.

*Wol.* You are welcome, my fair guests : that  
noble lady  
Or gentleman that is not freely merry,  
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome ;  
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*]

*Sands.* Your grace is noble :—  
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,  
And save me so much talking.

*Wol.* My Lord Sands

I am beholding to you : cheer your neighbours.—

Ladies, you are not merry :—gentlemen,

Whose fault is this ?

*Sands.*

The red wine first must rise

In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then, we shall  
have 'em

Talk us to silence.

*Anne.*

You are a merry gamester,

My Lord Sands.

*Sands.*

Yes, if I make my play.

Here 's to your ladyship ; and pledge it, madam,

For 't is to such a thing—

*Anne.*

You cannot show me.

*Sands.* I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpet. Chambers discharged.*

*Wol.*

What 's that ?

*Cham.* Look out there, some of ye.

*Wol.*

What warlike voice,

And to what end is this ?—Nay, ladies, fear not ;

By all the laws of war you are privileged.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Cham.* How now ? what is 't ?

*Serv.*

A noble troop of strangers,

For so they seem , they 've left their barge, and  
landed,



And hither make, as great ambassadors  
From foreign princes.

*Wol.* Good Lord Chamberlain,  
Go, give 'em welcome ; you can speak the French  
tongue ;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em  
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty  
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend  
him.—

[*Exit Chamberlain. All rise, and tables removed.*  
You have now a broken banquet, but we 'll mend it.  
A good digestion to you all ; once more,  
I shower a welcome on ye :—Welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the KING, and others, as Mas-  
quers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the  
Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before  
the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company : what are their pleasures ?

*Cham.* Because they speak no English, thus  
they prayed .

To tell your grace :—that, having heard by fame  
Of this so noble and so fair assembly  
This night to meet here, they could do no less,  
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,  
But leave their flocks, and, under your fair conduct,

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat  
An hour of revels with 'em.

*Wol.* Say, Lord Chamberlain,  
They have done my poor house grace ; for which  
I pay 'em  
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their  
pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen. The KING takes ANNE BULLEN.*

*K. Hen.* The fairest hand I ever touched : O  
Beauty,

Till now I never knew thee ! [ *Music. Dance.*

*Wol.* My lord !

*Cham.* Your grace ?

*Wol.* Pray, tell them thus much from me :  
There should be one amongst them by his person,  
More worthy this place than myself ; to whom,  
If I but knew him, with my love and duty  
I would surrender it.

*Cham.* I will, my lord.

[*Goes to the Masquers, and returns.*

*Wol.* What say they ?

By all your good leaves, gentlemen ; here I'll make  
My royal choice.

*K. Hen.* [*Unmasking.*] Ye have found him,  
Cardinal.

You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :  
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal,  
I should judge now unhappily.

*Wol.* I am glad,  
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

*K. Hen.* My Lord Chamberlain,  
Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady's that ?

*Cham.* An 't please your grace, Sir Thomas  
Bullen's daughter,  
The Viscount Rochford ; one of her highness'  
women.

*K. Hen.* By Heaven, she is a dainty one.—  
Sweetheart,

I were unmannerly to take you out,  
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen !  
Let it go round.

*Wol.* Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready  
I' the privy chamber ?

*Lov.* Yes, my lord.

*Wol.* Your grace,  
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

*K. Hen.* I fear, too much.

*Wol.* There 's fresher air, my lord,  
In the next chamber.

*K. Hen.* Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet  
partner,  
I must not yet forsake you.—Let 's be merry,  
Good my Lord Cardinal: I have half a dozen  
healths  
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure  
To lead 'em once again ; and then let 's dream  
Who 's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.  
[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*]

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Street.

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

*1 Gent.* Whither away so fast ?

*2 Gent.* O,—God save you.

1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2 *Gent.* Pray, speak what has happened.

1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty ?

1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemned upon 't.

2 *Gent.* I am sorry for 't.

1 *Gent.* So are a number more.

2 *Gent.* But, pray, how passed it ?

1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke  
Came to the bar ; where to his accusations  
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged  
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
The king's attorney, on the contrary,  
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions  
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desired  
To have brought, *viva voce*, to his face :  
At which appeared against him, his surveyor ;  
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor ; and John Car,  
Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,  
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 *Gent.* That was he  
That fed him with his prophecies ?

1 *Gent.* The same.  
All these accused him strongly ; which he fain  
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could  
not :

And so his peers, upon this evidence,  
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all  
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself ?

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar,  
to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirred  
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,  
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :  
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly  
In all the rest showed a most noble patience.

2 *Gent.* I do not think he fears death.

1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not ;  
He never was so womanish : the cause  
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gent.* Certainly,  
The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'T is likely.

No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,  
And generally,—whoever the King favours,  
The Cardinal instantly will find employment,  
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons  
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,  
Wish him ten fathom deep : this Duke as much  
They love and dote on ; call him bounteous  
Buckingham,  
The mirror of all courtesy,—

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir  
And see the noble ruined man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment ; tip-  
staves before him ; the axe with the edge towards  
him ; halberds on each side ; accompanied with  
Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir  
WILLIAM SANDS, and common people, &c.*

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

*Buck.* All good people,  
You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,  
And by that name must die ; yet, Heaven bear  
witness,  
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,

Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.  
The law I bear no malice for my death ;  
'T has done upon the premises but justice :  
But those that sought it I could wish more  
Christians :

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em :  
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,  
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;  
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.  
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies  
More than I dare make faults. You few that  
loved me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham  
His noble friends and fellows,—whom to leave  
Is only bitter to him, only, dying,—  
Go with me, like good angels, to my end,  
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's  
name.

*Lov.* I do beseech your grace for charity,  
If ever any malice in your heart  
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

*Buck.* Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,  
As I would be forgiven : I forgive all.



There cannot be those numberless offences  
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no  
black envy

Shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace:  
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,  
You met him half in heaven. My vows and  
prayers

Yet are the King's; and, till my soul forsake,  
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live  
Longer than I have time to tell his years!  
Ever beloved, and loving, may his rule be!  
And when old time shall lead him to his end,  
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

*Lov.* To the water side I must conduct your  
grace;

Then, give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,  
Who undertakes you to your end.

*Vaux.* Prepare there  
The Duke is coming; see the barge be ready,  
And fit it with such furniture as suits  
The greatness of his person.

*Buck.* Nay, Sir Nicholas,  
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.  
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,  
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward  
Bohun:

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;  
And with that blood will make them one day groan  
for 't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
Who first raised head against usurping Richard  
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,  
Being distressed, was by that wretch betrayed,  
And without trial fell : God's peace be with him !  
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,  
Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,  
Made my name once more noble. Now, his son,  
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all  
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me  
A little happier than my wretched father :  
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both  
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most :  
A most unnatural and faithless service.  
Heaven has an end in all : yet, you that hear me,  
This from a dying man receive as certain :  
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,  
Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make  
friends

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away

Like water from ye, never found again

But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,

Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad,

Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me! *[Exeunt Duke and Train.]*

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity.—Sir, it calls,  
I fear, too many curses on their heads  
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the Duke be guiltless,  
'T is full of woe: yet I can give you inkling  
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!  
What may it be?—You do not doubt my faith,  
sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 't will require  
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it:  
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident ;  
You shall, sir : did you not of late days hear  
A buzzing of a separation  
Between the King and Katharine ?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not ;  
For when the King once heard it, out of anger  
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight  
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues  
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,  
Is found a truth now ; for it grows again  
Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain,  
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,  
Or some about him near, have, out of malice  
To the good Queen, possessed him with a scruple  
That will undo her : to confirm this too,  
Cardinal Campeius is arrived and lately,  
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gent.* 'T is the Cardinal ;  
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor,  
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purposed.

2 *Gent.* I think you have hit the mark : but is 't  
not cruel,  
That she should feel the smart of this ? The Car  
dinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.*

'T is woful

We are too open here to argue this ;

Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II.—An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading this letter.*

*Cham.* ' My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young, and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me, with this reason,—his master would be served before a Subject, if not before the King ; which stopped our mouths, sir.' I fear, he will, indeed ; well, let him have them : He will have all, I think.

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

*Nor.*

What's the cause?

*Cham.* It seems, the marriage with his brother's  
wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

*Suf.*

No, his conscience

Has crept too near another lady.

*Nor.*

'T is so.

This is the Cardinal's doing, the King-Cardinal :  
That blind priest, like the eldest son of Fortune,  
'Turns what he list. The King will know him one  
day.

*Suf.* 'Pray God, he do : he'll never know him-  
self else.

*Nor.* How holily he works in all his business !  
And with what zeal ! for now he has cracked the  
league  
Between us and the Emperor, the Queen's great-  
nephew,  
He dives into the King's soul ; and there scatters  
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears, and despairs,—and all these for his marriage :  
And out of all these to restore the King,  
He counsels a divorce ; a loss of her  
That like a jewel has hung twenty years  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;

Of her that loves him with that excellence  
That angels love good men with ; even of her  
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
Will bless the King :—and is not this course pious :

*Cham.* Heaven keep me from such counsel !

’T is most true

These news are everywhere ; every tongue speaks  
them,

And every true heart weeps for ’t. All, that dare  
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—  
The French king’s sister. Heaven will one day  
open

The King’s eyes, that so long have slept upon  
This bold bad man.

*Suf.* And free us from his slavery.

*Nor.* We had need pray,  
And heartily, for our deliverance ;  
Or this imperious man will work us all  
From princes into pages. All men’s honours  
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashioned  
Into what pitch he please.

*Suf.* For me, my lords,  
I love him not, nor fear him ; there’s my creed.  
As I am made without him, so I’ll stand,  
If the King please : his curses and his blessings  
Touch me alike, they’re breath I not believe in.

I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him  
To him that made him proud, the Pope.

*Nor.*

Let's in ;

And with some other business put the King  
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon  
him.—

My lord, you'll bear us company ?

*Cham.*

Excuse me ;

The King hath sent me elsewhere : besides,  
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :  
Health to your lordships.

*Nor.*

Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*NORFOLK opens a folding door. The KING is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*

*Suf.* How sad he looks : sure, he is much  
afflicted.

*K. Hen.* Who is there ? Ha !

*Nor.* 'Pray God, he be not angry.

— — — — —





*Nor.* [*Aside to SUFFOLK.*] If it do,  
I'll venture one have-at-him.

*Suf.* [*Aside to NORFOLK.*] I another.

[*Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*]

*Wol.* Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom  
Above all princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.  
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?  
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,  
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,  
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,  
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,  
Have their free voices; Rome, the nurse of judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent  
One general tongue unto us, this good man,  
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius,  
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

*K. Hen.* And once more in mine arms I bid him  
welcome,

I tender my commission, by whose virtue—  
The court of Rome commanding—you, my Lord  
Cardinal of York, are joined with me, their servant,  
In the impartial judging of this business.

*K. Hen.* Two equal men. The Queen shall be  
acquainted  
Forthwith for what you come.—Where's Gardiner?—

*Wol.* I know, your majesty has always loved her  
So dear in heart, not to deny her that  
A woman of less place might ask by law,  
Scholars allowed freely to argue for her.

*K. Hen.* Ay, and the best she shall have; and  
my favour  
To him that does best: God forbid else.—Cardinal,  
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:  
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit WOLSEY.*

*Re-enter WOLSEY with GARDINER.*

*Wol.* Give me your hand; much joy and favour  
to you:  
You are the King's now.

*Gard.* But to be commanded  
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.

*K. Hen.* Come hither, Gardiner.

*[They converse apart.—*

*Cam.* My Lord of York, was not one Doctor  
Pace

In this man's place before him ?

*Wol.* Yes, he was.

*Cam.* Was he not held a learned man ?

*Wol.* Yes, surely

*Cam.* Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread,  
then,

Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal.

*Wol.* How ! of me ?

*Cam.* They will not stick to say, you envied him,  
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still ; which so grieved  
him,

That he ran mad, and died.

*Wol.* Heaven's peace be with him !  
That's Christian care enough : for living mur-  
murers

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool ;  
For he would needs be virtuous : that good fellow,  
If I command him, follows my appointment :  
I will have none so near else. Learn this,  
brother,

We live not to be griped by meaner persons.—

*K. Hen.* Deliver this with modesty to the  
Queen.

[*Exit* GARDINER —

The most convenient place that I can think of,  
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars :  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business :—

My Wolsey, see it furnished :—O my lord,  
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow ? But, conscience, conscience,—

O ! 't is a tender place ! and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE III.—An Ante-chamber in the QUEEN'S  
Apartments.

*Enter ANNE BULLEN and an Old Lady.*

*Anne.* Not for that neither : here's the pang  
that pinches :

His highness having lived so long with her, and  
she

To give her the avaunt ! it is a pity  
Would move a monster.

*Old L.* Hearts of most hard temper  
Melt and lament for her.

*Anne.* O, God's will ! much better,  
She ne'er had known pomp : though 't be tem-  
poral,

Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce  
It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance panging  
As soul and body's severing.

*Old L.* Alas, poor lady !  
She's a stranger now again.

*Anne.* So much the more  
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,  
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perked up in a glistening grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

*Old L.* Our content  
Is our best having.

*Anne.* By my troth and maidenhead,  
I would not be a Queen.

*Old L.* Beshrew me, I would,  
And venture maidenhead for 't ; and so would you,  
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.  
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,



*Old L.* In faith, for little England  
You'd venture an emballing : I myself  
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'longed  
No more to the Crown but that. Lo, who comes  
here ?

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, ladies ; what were it  
worth to know

The secret of your conference ?

*Anne.* My good lord,  
Not your demand ; it values not your asking :  
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

*Cham.* It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women ; there is hope  
All will be well.

*Anne.* Now, I pray God, Amen !

*Cham.* You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly  
blessings  
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's  
Ta'en of your many virtues, the King's Majesty  
Commends his good opinion of you to you, and  
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than Marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title  
A thousand pound a year, annual support,



Out of his grace he adds.

*Anne.* I do not know,  
What kind of my obedience I should tender ;  
More than my all, is nothing ; nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallowed ; nor my wishes  
More worth than empty vanities : yet prayers, and  
wishes

Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,  
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

*Cham.* Lady,  
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit  
The King hath of you.—[*Aside.*] I have perused  
her well :

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,  
That they have caught the King ; and who knows  
yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem  
To lighten all this isle ?—[*To her.*] I'll to the  
King,

And say, I spoke with you.

*Anne.* My honoured lord.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*Old L.* Why, this it is ; see, see !  
I have been begging sixteen years in court,

Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could  
Come pat betwixt too early and too late  
For any suit of pounds ; and you, O fate !  
A very fresh-fish here, fie, fie, upon  
This compelled fortune ! have your mouth filled  
up,  
Before you open it.

*Anne.* This is strange to me.

*Old L.* How tastes it ? Is it bitter ? Forty pence,  
no.

There was a lady once, 't is an old story,  
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,  
For all the mud in Egypt :—have you heard it ?

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.

*Old L.* With your theme, I could  
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pem-  
broke !

A thousand pounds a year,—for pure respect !  
No other obligation ! By my life,

If this salute my blood a jot : it faints me,  
To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver  
What here you 've heard, to her.

*Old L.*

What do you think me ?

[*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE IV.—A Hall in Blackfriars.

*Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands ; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of Doctors ; after them, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY alone ; after him, the Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH : next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the great Seal, and a Cardinal's Hat : then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross ; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-Arms, bearing a Silver Mace ; then two Gentlemen bearing two great Silver Pillars : after them, side by side, the two Cardinals. Two Noblemen with the Sword and Mace. The KING takes place under the Cloth of State ; the two Cardinals sit under him as Judges. The QUEEN takes place at some*

*distance from the KING. Th' Bishops place themselves on each side the Court, in manner of a Consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage.*

*Wol.* Whilst our Commission from Rome is  
read,

Let silence be commanded.

*K. Hen.* What's the need?

It hath already publicly been read,  
And on all sides the authority allowed;  
You may then spare that time.

*Wol.* Be't so.—Proceed.

*Scribe.* Say, Henry King of England, come into  
the Court.

*Crier.* Henry King of England, &c.

*K. Hen.* Here.

*Scribe.* Say, Katharine Queen of England, come  
into the Court.

*Crier.* Katharine Queen of England, &c.

*[The QUEEN makes no answer, rises out of her  
chair, goes about the court, comes to the  
KING, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

*Q. Kath.* Sir, I desire you do me right and  
justice.

And to bestow your pity on me ; for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
Born out of your dominions ; having here  
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,  
In what have I offended you ? what cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven  
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable :  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad, or sorry,  
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine too ? Which of your  
friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy ? What friend of mine,  
That had to him derived your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice  
He was from thence discharged. Sir, call to mind  
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
With many children by you. If, in the course

And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty  
Against your sacred person, in God's name  
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
The king, your father, was reputed for  
A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
And unmatched wit and judgment : Ferdinand,  
My father, King of Spain, was reckoned one  
The wisest prince that there had reigned by many  
A year before : it is not to be questioned  
That they had gathered a wise council to them  
Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
Who deemed our marriage lawful. Wherefore I

humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose counse'  
I will implore. If not, i' the name of God,  
Your pleasure be fulfilled.

*Vol.*

You have here, lady,—

And of your choice—these reverend fathers ; men  
Of singular integrity and learning,  
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled  
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,

That longer you desire the Court, as well  
For your own quiet, as to rectify  
What is unsettled in the King.

*Cam.* His grace  
Hath spoken well, and justly : therefore, madam,  
It's fit this Royal Session do proceed,  
And that, without delay, their arguments  
Be now produced and heard.

*Q. Kath.* Lord Cardinal,  
To you I speak.

*Wol.* Your pleasure, madam ?

*Q. Kath.* Sir,  
I am about to weep ; but, thinking that  
We are a Queen, or long have dreamed so, certain  
The daughter of a King, my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.* Be patient yet.

*Q. Kath.* I will, when you are humble ; nay  
before,  
Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
Induced by potent circumstances, that  
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge  
You shall not be my judge. For it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,  
Which God's dew quench.--Therefore, I say again  
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul

Refuse, you for my judge, whom, yet once more,  
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
At all a friend to truth.

*Wol.* I do profess

You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet  
Have stood to charity, and displayed the effects  
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me  
wrong :

I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice  
For you, or any : how far I have proceeded,  
Or how far further shall, is warranted  
By a Commission from the Consistory,  
Yea, the whole Consistory of Rome. You charge  
me,

That I have blown this coal : I do deny it.  
The King is present : if it be known to him,  
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
And worthily, my falsehood ; yea, as much  
As you have done my truth. If he know  
That I am free of your report, he knows  
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
It lies to cure me ; and the cure is, to  
Remove these thoughts from you : the which  
before

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech



You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
And to say so no more.

*Q. Kath.* My lord, my lord,  
I am a simple woman, much too weak  
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and  
humble-mouthed ;  
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,  
With meekness and humility ; but your heart  
Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.  
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,  
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted  
Where powers are your retainers ; and your words,  
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please  
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
You tender more your person's honour than  
Your high profession spiritual : that again  
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,  
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,  
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,  
And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the KING, and offers to depart.*

*Cam.* The Queen is obstinate,  
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
Disdainful to be tried by it : 't is not well.  
She's going away.

*K. Hen.* Call her again.

*Crier.* Katharine Queen of England, come into the Court.

*Griffith.* Madam, you are called back.

*Q. Kath.* What need you note it? pray you, keep your way :

When you are called, return.—Now the Lord help,

They vex me past my patience! Pray you, pass on :

I will not tarry ; no, nor ever more  
Upon this business my appearance make  
In any of their Courts. .

[*Exeunt* QUEEN, GRIFFITH, and her other  
*Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Go thy ways, Kate:

That man i' the world who shall report he has  
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted  
For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone,  
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,  
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,  
The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble born ;  
And like her true nobility she has  
Carried herself towards me.

*Wol.*

Most gracious sir,

In humblest manner I require your highness,  
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
Of all these ears, for where I am robbed and  
bound,

There must I be unloosed, although not there  
At once and fully satisfied, whether ever I  
Did broach this business to your highness, or  
Laid any scruple in your way, which might  
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever  
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such  
A royal lady, spake one the least word, that might  
Be to the prejudice of her present state,  
Or touch of her good person?

*K. Hen.*

*My Lord Cardinal,*

I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,  
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught  
That you have many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,  
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these  
The Queen is put in anger. You are excused:  
But will you be more justified? you ever  
Have wished the sleeping of this business; never  
Desired it to be stirred; but oft have hindered,  
oft,

The passages made toward it.—On my honour,  
I speak, my good Lord Cardinal, to this point

And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me  
to 't:

I will be bold with time, and your attention :—  
Then, mark the inducement. Thus it came ;—give  
heed to 't.

My conscience first received a tenderness,  
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches uttered  
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French am-  
bassador,

Who had been hither sent on the debating  
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and  
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this  
business,

Ere a determinate resolution, he—  
I mean, the bishop—did require a respite,  
Wherein he might the King his Lord advertise  
Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook  
The bosom of my conscience, entered me,  
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
The region of my breast ; which forced such way,  
That many mazed considerings did throng,  
And pressed in with this caution. First, me-  
thought,

I stood not in the smile of Heaven, who had

Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,  
If it conceived a male child by me, should  
Do no more offices of life to't than  
The grave does to the dead, for her male issue  
Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
This world had aired them. Hence I took a  
thought,

This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom,  
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not  
Be gladded in't by me. Then follows, that  
I weighed the danger which my realms stood in  
By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me  
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in  
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer  
Toward this remedy whereupon we are  
Now present here together ; that's to say,  
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which  
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—  
By all the reverend fathers of the land,  
And doctors learned. First, I began in private  
With you, my Lord of Lincoln ; you remember  
How under my oppression I did reek,  
When I first moved you.

*Lin.*

Very well, my liege.

*K. Hen.* I have spoke long ; be pleased yourself  
to say

How far you satisfied me.

*Lin.* So please your highness,  
The question did at first so stagger me,—  
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,  
And consequence of dread,—that I committed  
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt,  
And did entreat your highness to this course,  
Which you are running here.

*K. Hen.* I then moved you,  
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave  
To make this present summons.—Unsolicited  
I left no reverend person in this Court ;  
But by particular consent proceeded,  
Under your hands and seals : therefore, go on ;  
For no dislike i' the world against the person  
Of the good Queen, but the sharp thorny points  
Of my allegéd reasons drive this forward.  
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life  
And kingly dignity, we are contented  
To wear our mortal state to come with her,  
Katharine our Queen, before the primest creature  
That's paragoned o' the world.

*Cam* So please your highness,  
The Queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness  
That we adjourn this Court till further day :  
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion

Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal  
She intends unto his Holiness.

*K. Hen.* [*Aside.*] I may perceive,  
These Cardinals trifle with me : I abhor  
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.  
My learned and well-belovéd servant, Cranmer,  
Pr'ythee, return : with thy approach, I know,  
My comfort comes along.—Break up the Court :  
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*]

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### ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. The Palace at Bridewell.  
A Room in the QUEEN'S Apartment.

*The QUEEN, and her Women, at Work.*

*Q. Kath.* Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows  
sad with troubles ;  
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst. Leave  
working.

#### SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain-tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves, when he did sing :*

*To his music plants, and flowers  
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.*

*Everything that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Q. Kath.* How now ?

*Gent.* An't please your grace, the two great  
Cardinals

Wait in the presence.

*Q. Kath.* Would they speak with me ?

*Gent.* They willed me say so, madam.

*Q. Kath.* Pray their graces  
To come near. [*Exit Gentleman.*] What can be  
their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour ?  
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.  
They should be good men ; their affairs as righteous :  
But all hoods make not monks.



*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

*Wol.* Peace to your highness !

*Q. Kath.* Your graces find me here part of a  
housewife :

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords ?

*Wol.* May it please you, noble madam, to with-  
draw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

*Q. Kath.* Speak it here.

There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,  
Deserves a corner : 'would all other women  
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !

My lords, I care not,—so much I am happy  
Above a number,—if my actions

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,  
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,

I know my life so even. If your business  
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,  
Out with it boldly : truth loves open dealing.

*Wol.* *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina*  
*Serenissima,—*

*Q. Kath.* O, good my lord, no Latin :  
I am not such a truant since my coming,

As not to know the language I have lived in :  
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange-  
suspicious ;  
Pray, speak in English. Here are some will thank  
you,  
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake :  
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord  
Cardinal,  
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed  
May be absolved in English.

*Wol.*

Noble lady,

I am sorry, my integrity should breed —  
And service to his Majesty and you—  
So deep suspicion where all faith was meant.  
We come not by the way of accusation,  
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,  
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;  
You have too much, good lady ; but to know  
How you stand minded in the weighty difference

Both of his truth and him, which was too far,—  
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,  
His service and his counsel.

*Q. Kath.* [*Aside.*] To betray me.—  
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,  
Ye speak like honest men,—pray God, ye prove  
so !

But how to make ye suddenly an answer,  
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,—  
More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,  
And to such men of gravity and learning,  
In truth, I know not. I was set at work  
Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking  
Either for such men, or such business.  
For her sake that I have been, for I feel  
The last fit of my greatness, good your graces,  
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.  
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

*Wol.* Madam, you wrong the King's love with  
these fears :

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Q. Kath.* In England  
But little for my profit. Can you think, lords,  
That any Englishman dare give me counsel ?  
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,—

Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,—  
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth; my friends,  
They that must weigh out my afflictions,  
They that my trust must grow to, live not here :  
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,  
In mine own country, lords.

*Cam.* I would, your grace  
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

*Q. Kath.* How, sir?

*Cam.* Put your main cause into the King's protection ;

He's loving, and most gracious. 'T will be much  
Both for your honour better, and your cause :  
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,  
You'll part away disgraced.

*Wol.* He tells you rightly.

*Q. Kath.* Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—  
my ruin.

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!

Mend them, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort ?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady ?  
A woman lost among ye, laughed at, scorned ?  
I will not wish ye half my miseries,  
I have more charity ; but say, I warned ye :  
Take heed, for Heaven's sake, take heed, lest at  
once

The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

*Wol.* Madam, this is a mere distraction ;  
You turn the good we offer into envy.

*Q. Kath.* Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon  
ye,  
And all such false professors ! Would you have  
me—

If you have any justice, any pity,  
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits—  
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates  
me ?

Alas, he has banished me his bed already ;  
His love, too long ago : I am old, my lords,  
And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
Is only my obedience. What can happen  
To me, above this wretchedness ? all your studies  
Make me a curse, like this.

*Cam.*

Your fears are worse.

*Q. Kath.* Have I lived thus long—let me speak myself,  
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one ?  
A woman—I dare say, without vain-glory—  
Never yet branded with suspicion ?  
Have I with all my full affections  
Still met the King ? loved him next Heaven ?  
obeyed him ?  
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ?  
Almost forgot my prayers, to content him ?  
And am I thus rewarded ? 't is not well, lords.  
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure,  
And to that woman, when she has done most,  
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

*Wol.* Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

*Q. Kath.* My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,  
To give up willingly that noble title  
Your master wed me to : nothing but death  
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

*Wol.* 'Pray, hear me.

*Q. Kath.* 'Would I had never trod this English earth,  
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !

Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady?

I am the most unhappy woman living.—

[*To her Women.*] Alas ! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes ?

Shipwrecked upon a kingdom where no pity,  
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,  
Almost no grave allowed me.—Like the lily,  
That once was mistress of the field and flourished,  
I'll hang my head, and perish.

*Wol.*

If your grace  
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,  
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas, our places,  
The way of our profession is against it :

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.

For goodness' sake, consider what you do ;

How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly

Grow from the King's acquaintance by this carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

So much they love it ; but to stubborn spirits

They swell and grow as terrible as storms.

I know you have a gentle, noble temper,

A soul as even as a calm : pray, think us  
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and ser-  
vants.

*Cam.* Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong  
your virtues

With these weak women's fears : a noble spirit,  
As yours was put into you, ever casts  
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King  
loves you ;

Beware, you lose it not : for us, if you please  
To trust us in your business, we are ready  
To use our utmost studies in your service.

*Q. Kath.* Do what ye will, my lords : and, pray  
forgive me,

If I have used myself unmannerly.

You know, I am a woman, lacking wit  
To make a seemly answer to such persons.

Pray, do my service to his Majesty :

He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers,  
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend  
fathers,

Bestow your counsels on me ; she now begs,  
That little thought, when she set footing here,  
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE II.—Ante-chamber to the KING's Apartment.

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* If you will now unite in your complaints,  
And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal  
Cannot stand under them : if you omit  
The offer of this time, I cannot promise  
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,  
With these you bear already.

*Sur.* I am joyful  
To meet the least occasion that may give me  
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke,  
To be revenged on him.

*Suf.* Which of the peers  
Have uncondemned gone by him, or at least  
Strangely neglected ? when did he regard  
The stamp of nobleness in any person,  
Out of himself ?

*Cham.* My lords, you speak your pleasures.  
What he deserves of you and me, I know ;  
What we can do to him,—though now the time  
Gives way to us,—I much fear. If you cannot

Bar his access to the King, never attempt  
Anything on him, for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the King in 's tongue.

*Nor.* O, fear him not;  
His spell in that is out: the King hath found  
Matter against him that for ever mars  
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,  
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

*Sur.* Sir,  
I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Once every hour.

*Nor.* Believe it, this is true.  
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings  
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears  
As I would wish mine enemy.

*Sur.* How came  
His practices to light?

*Suf.* Most strangely.

*Sur.* O, how? how?

*Suf.* The Cardinal's letter to the Pope miscar-  
ried,

My King is tangled in affection to  
A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne, Bullen.'

*Sur.* Has the King this?

*Suf.* Believe it.

*Sur.* Will this work?

*Cham.* The King in this perceives him, how he  
coasts,

And hedges his own way. But in this point  
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic  
After his patient's death: the King already  
Hath married the fair lady.

*Sur.* 'Would he had!

*Suf.* May you be happy in your wish, my lord;  
For, I profess, you have 't.

*Sur.* Now all my joy

Trace the conjunction!

*Suf.* My Amen to 't!

*Nor.* All men's

*Suf.* There 's order given for her coronation:  
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left  
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,  
She is a gallant creature, and complete  
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her  
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
In it be memorized.

*Sur.* But, will the King

Digest this letter of the Cardinal's !  
The Lord forbid !

*Nor.* Marry, Amen !

*Suj.* No, no :

There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose,  
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal  
Campeius

Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;  
Has left the cause o' the King unhandled, and  
Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you,  
The King cried, ' Ha ! ' at this.

*Cham.* Now, God incense him,  
And let him cry, ' Ha ! ' louder !

*Nor.* But, my lord,  
When returns Cranmer ?

*Suf.* He is returned, in his opinions, which  
Have satisfied the King for his divorce,  
Together with all famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,  
His second marriage shall be published, and  
Her coronation. Katharine no more  
Shall be called Queen, but Princess Dowager,  
And widow to Prince Arthur.

*Nor.* This same Cranmer's  
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain

In the King's business.

*Suf.* He has ; and we shall see him  
For it an Archbishop.

*Nor.* So I hear.

*Suf.* 'T is so.

The Cardinal—

*Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.*

*Nor.* Observe, observe ; he's moody.

*Wol.* The packet, Cromwell,  
Gave 't you the King ?

*Crom.* To his own hand, in 's bedchamber.

*Wol.* Looked he o' th' inside of the papers ?

*Crom.* Presently

He did unseal them, and the first he viewed,  
He did it with a serious mind ; a heed  
Was in his countenance. You he bade  
Attend him here this morning.

*Wol.* Is he ready  
To come abroad ?

*Crom.* I think, by this he is.

*Wol.* Leave me awhile.—

*[Exit CROMWELL.]*

It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,  
The French King's sister : he shall marry her.—  
Anne Bullen ? No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for  
him .

There's more in 't than fair visage.—Bullen !  
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish  
To hear from Rome.—The Marchioness of Pem-  
broke !—

*Nor.* He's discontented.

*Suf.* May be, he hears the King  
Does whet his anger to him.

*Sur.* Sharp enough,  
Lord, for thy justice !—

*Wol.* The late Queen's gentlewoman, a knight's  
daughter,  
To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !—  
This candle burns not clear : 't is I must snuff it ;  
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her  
virtuous,

And well deserving ? yet I know her for  
A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to  
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of  
Our hard-ruled King. Again, there is sprung up  
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one  
Hath crawled into the favour of the King,  
And is his oracle.

*Enter the KING, reading a schedule ; and Lovell.*

*Suf.* The King, the King !

*K. Hen.* What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

To his own portion ! and what expense by the hour

Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,

Does he rake this together ?—Now, my lords,  
Saw you the Cardinal ?

*Nor.* My lord, we have  
Stood here observing him. Some strange com-  
motion

Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight,  
Springs out into fast gait ; then stops again,  
Strikes his breast hard ; and anon, he casts  
His eye against the moon : in most strange  
postures

We have seen him set himself.

*K. Hen.* It may well be :  
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning  
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
As I required ; and wot you what I found

There, on my conscience, put unwittingly ?  
Forsooth an inventory, thus importing,—  
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which  
I find at such proud rate, that it outspeaks  
Possession of a subject.

*Nor.* It's Heaven's will :  
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,  
To bless your eye withal.

*K. Hen.* If we did think  
His contemplation were above the earth,  
And fixed on spiritual object, he should still  
Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,  
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth  
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.

*Wol.* Heaven forgive me!—  
Ever God bless your highness!

*K. Hen.* Good my lord,  
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the  
inventory  
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which  
You were now running o'er : you have scarce  
time  
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span



To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that  
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad  
To have you therein my companion.

*Wol.*

Sir,

For holy offices I have a time ; a time  
To think upon the part of business, which  
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require  
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,  
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
Must give my tendance to.

*K. Hen.*

You have said well.

*Wol.* And ever may your highness yoke together,  
As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
With my well-saying !

*K. Hen.*

'T is well said again ;

And 't is a kind of good deed, to say well :  
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved  
you ;

He said he did, and with his deed did crown  
His word upon you. Since I had my office,  
I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone  
Employed you where high profits might come  
home,

But pared my present havings, to bestow  
My bounties upon you.

*Wol.* [*Aside.*]

What should this mean ?

*Sur.* [*Aside, to the others.*] The Lord increase  
this business !

*K. Hen.* Have I not made you  
The prime man of the State? I pray you, tell  
me,

If what I now pronounce you have found true :  
And, if you may confess it, say withal,  
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?

*Wol.* My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,  
Showered on me daily, have been more than  
could

My studied purposes requite ; which went  
Beyond all man's endeavours : my endeavours  
Have ever come too short of my desires,  
Yet filed with my abilities. Mine own ends  
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed  
To the good of your most sacred person and  
The profit of the state. For your great graces  
Heaped upon me, poor undeserver, I  
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,  
My prayers to Heaven for you, my loyalty,  
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,  
Till death, that winter, kill it.

*K. Hen.* Fairly answered ;  
A loyal and obedient subject is  
Therein illustrated. The honour of it

Does pay the act of it, as, i' the contrary,  
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,  
That, as my hand has opened bounty to you,  
My heart dropped love, my power rained honour,  
more

On you than any ; so your hand, and heart,  
Your brain, and every function of your power,  
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,  
As 't were in love's particular, be more  
To me, your friend, than any.

*Wol.* I do profess,  
That for your highness' good I ever laboured  
More than mine own : that am, have, and will  
be—

Though all the world should crack their duty  
to you,

And throw it from their soul ; though perils did  
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and  
Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,  
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
Should the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours.

*K. Hen.* 'T is nobly spoken.  
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this :  
[Giving him papers.]

And, after, this : and then to breakfast with  
What appetite you have.

[Exit KING, frowning upon the Cardinal.  
The Nobles throng after him, smiling,  
and whispering.

*Wol.* What should this mean?

What sudden anger's this? how have I reaped it?  
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
Leaped from his eyes: so looks the chaféd lion  
Upon the daring huntsman that has galled him;  
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;  
I fear, the story of his anger.—'T is so:  
This paper has undone me!—'T is the account  
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together  
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom,  
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,  
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil  
Made me put this main secret in the packet  
I sent the King?—Is there no way to cure this?  
No new device to beat this from his brains?  
I know 't will stir him strongly;—yet I know  
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
Will bring me off again.—What's this?—To the  
Pope!

The letter, as I live, with all the business  
I writ to his Holiness.—Nay then, farewell!

I have touched the highest point of all my  
greatness ;  
And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting : I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the  
Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal ; who  
commands you

To render up the Great Seal presently  
Into our hands, and to confine yourself  
To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,  
Till you hear further from his highness.

*Wol.*

Stay :

Where 's your commission, lords ? words cannot  
carry

Authority so weighty.

*Suf.*

Who dare cross 'em,

Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly ?

*Wol.* Till I find more than will or words to  
do it,—

I mean your malice,—know, officious lords,  
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel  
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,  
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton  
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!  
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;  
You've Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,  
In time will find their fit rewards. That Seal,  
You ask with such a violence, the King—  
Mine, and your master—with his own hand  
gave me;

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,  
Tied it by letters-patents:—now, who'll take it?

*Sur.* The King that gave it.

*Wol.* It must be himself, then.

*Sur.* Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

*Wol.* Proud lord, thou liest:  
Within these forty hours, Surrey durst better  
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

*Sur.* Thy ambition,  
Thou scarlet Sin, robbed this bewailing land  
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:  
The heads of all thy brother Cardinals—  
With thee, and all thy best parts bound together—  
Weighed not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!  
You sent me Deputy for Ireland,  
Far from his succour, from the King, from all

That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st  
him,

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
Absolved him with an axe.

*Wol.* This, and all else  
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
I answer, is most false. The Duke by law  
Found his deserts. How innocent I was  
From any private malice in his end,  
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
If I loved many words, lords, I should tell you,  
You have as little honesty as honour,  
That in the way of loyalty and truth  
Toward the King, my ever royal master,  
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,  
And all that love his follies.

*Sur.* By my soul,  
Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou shouldst  
feel  
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,  
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?  
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,  
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,  
Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,  
And dare us with his cap like larks.

*Wol.*

All goodness

Is poison to thy stomach.

*Sur.*

Yes, that goodness

Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,  
Into your own hands, Cardinal, by extortion ;  
The goodness of your intercepted packets,  
You writ to the Pope, against the King ; your  
goodness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—  
My Lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,  
As you respect the common good, the state  
Of our despised nobility, our issues—  
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen—  
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
Collected from his life :—I'll startle you  
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown  
wench

Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

*Wol.* How much, methinks, I could despise  
this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it.

*Nor.* Those articles, my lord, are in the King's  
hand ;

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

*Wol.*

So much fairer

And spotless shall mine innocence arise,  
When the King knows my truth.



*Sur.*

This cannot save you :

I thank my memory, I yet remember  
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.  
Now, if you can, blush, and cry guilty, Cardinal,  
You 'll show a little honesty.

*Wol.*

Speak on, sir ;

I dare your worst objections : if I blush,  
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

*Sur.* I had rather want those, than my head.—  
Have at you.

First, that without the King's assent or knowledge  
You wrought to be a Legate ; by which power  
You maimed the jurisdiction of all Bishops.

*Nor.* Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else  
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*  
Was still inscribed ; in which you brought the  
King

To be your servant.

*Suf.*

Then, that without the knowledge  
Either of King or Council, when you went  
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the Great Seal.

*Sur.* Item, you sent a large commission  
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,  
Without the King's will or the State's allowance,  
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

*Suf.* That, out of mere ambition, you have  
caused

Your holy hat to be stamped on the King's coin.

*Sur.* Then, that you have sent innumerable  
substance,—

By what means got, I leave to your own  
conscience,—

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;  
Which, since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

*Cham.*

O my lord,

Press not a falling man too far : 't is virtue :  
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,  
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him  
So little of his great self.

*Sur.*

I forgive him.

*Suf.* Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure  
is,—

Because all those things you have done of late  
By your power legatine within this kingdom,  
Fall into the compass of a *Præmunire*,—  
That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be

Out of the King's protection.—This is my charge.

*Nor.* And so we'll leave you to your meditations,

How to live better. For your stubborn answer,  
About the giving back the Great Seal to us,  
The King shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank  
you.

So, fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

*[Exeunt all but WOLSEY.]*

*Wol.* So, farewell to the little good you bear me.  
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory,  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me, and now has left me  
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:  
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched

Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.—

*Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.*

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.*

What ! amazed

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder  
A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,  
I am fallen indeed.

*Crom.*

How does your grace ?

*Wol.*

Why, well

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
I know myself now ; and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cured  
me,  
I humbly thank his grace ; and from these  
shoulders,  
These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken  
A load would sink a navy,—too much honour.  
O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden.

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven !

*Crom.* I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

*Wol.* I hope I have : I am able now, methinks,  
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,  
To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
What news abroad ?

*Crom.* The heaviest, and the worst,  
Is your displeasure with the King.

*Wol.* God bless him !

*Crom.* The next is, that Sir Thomas More is  
chosen

Lord Chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden ;  
But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his  
bones,

When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !—  
What more ?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is returned with  
welcome,  
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news indeed.

*Crom.* Last, that the Lady Anne,  
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,  
This day was viewed in open, as his Queen,  
Going to chapel; and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pulled me down.  
O Cromwell,  
The King has gone beyond me: all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost for ever.  
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;  
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King;  
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him  
What and how true thou art: he will advance  
thee.

Some little memory of me will stir him—  
I know his noble nature—not to let

---

With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.  
The King shall have my service ; but my prayers,  
For ever and for ever, shall be yours.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Crom-  
well :

And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,  
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :  
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?  
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate  
thee.

Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear  
not.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's

Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O  
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;

And—pr'ythee lead me in:

There take an inventory of all I have,

To the last penny; 't is the King's: my robe,

And my integrity to Heaven, is all

I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!

Had I but served my God with half the zeal

I served my King, He would not in mine age

Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.

*Wol.*

So I have. Farewell

The hopes of Court! my hopes in Heaven do  
dwell. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Street in Westminster.



The Lady Anne pass from her coronation ?

2 *Gent.* 'T is all my business. At our last encounter,

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gent.* 'T is very true : but that time offered sorrow ;

This, general joy.

2 *Gent.* 'T is well : the citizens,

I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—

As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—

In celebration of this day with shows,

Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gent.* Never greater ;

Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,  
That paper in your hand ?

1 *Gent.* Yes ; 't is the list

Of those that claim their offices this day,

By custom of the coronation.

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims

To be High-Steward ; next, the Duke of Norfolk,

He to be Earl Marshal. You may read the rest.

2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir : had I not known  
those customs,

I should have been beholding to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,

The Princess Dowager ? how goes her business ?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The Archbishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off  
From Amptill, where the Princess lay ; to which  
She was often cited by them, but appeared not :  
And, to be short, for not-appearance, and  
The King's late scruple, by the main assent  
Of all these learned men she was divorced,  
And the late marriage made of none effect :  
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,  
Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady !—[*Trumpets.*  
The trumpets sound : stand close, the Queen is  
coming. [Hautboys

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

*A lively flourish of trumpets*

1. *Two Judges.*

*Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*

5. *Marquess DORSET, bearing a Sceptre of Gold ; on his head a demi-coronal of Gold. With him the Earl of SURREY, bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, crowned with an Earl's Coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of SUFFOLK, in his robe of estate, his Coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High-Steward. With him, the Duke of NORFOLK, with the rod of Marshalship, a Coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A Canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports ; under it, the QUEEN in her robe, in her hair, richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of LONDON and WINCHESTER.*

Who's that, that bears the Sceptre ?

1 *Gent.* Marquess Dorset :

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the Rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman. That should  
be

The Duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gent.* 'T is the same : High-Steward.

2 *Gent.* And that my Lord of Norfolk ?

1 *Gent.* Yes.

2 *Gent.* [*Looking on the QUEEN.*] Heaven bless  
thee !

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;

Our King has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady :

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gent.* They, that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons

Of the Cinque-ports.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy ; and so are all  
are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars  
indeed :

And sometimes falling ones.

1 *Gent.*

No more of that.

*[Exit Procession, with a great flourish of  
trumpets.]*

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

God save you, sir ! Where have you been broiling ?

3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the Abbey ; where  
a finger

Could not be wedged in more : I am stifled  
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw the ceremony ?

3 *Gent.*

That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it ?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream  
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the Queen  
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her ; while her grace sat down  
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.  
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman  
That ever lay by man : which when the people  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose

As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks,  
Doublets, I think, flew up ; and had their faces  
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,  
That had not half a week to go, like rams  
In the old time of war, would shake the press,  
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living  
Could say, 'This is my wife,' there ; all were  
woven

So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.*

But what followed ?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with  
modest paces

Came to the altar ; where she kneeled and saint-  
like

Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and prayed devoutly.  
Then rose again, and bowed her to the people :  
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury  
She had all the royal makings of a Queen ;  
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,  
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems  
Laid nobly on her : which performed, the choir,  
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,  
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,  
And with the same full state paced back again

To York Place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.*

Sir,

You must no more call it York Place, that's past ;  
For, since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost :  
'T is now the King's, and called White Hall.

3 *Gent.*

I know it ;

But 't is so lately altered, that the old name  
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.*

What two reverend Bishops

Were those that went on each side of the Queen ?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one, of  
Winchester,

Newly preferred from the King's Secretary ;  
The other, London.

2 *Gent.*

He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of the Archbishop's,  
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.*

All the land knows that :

However, yet there's no great breach ; when it  
comes,  
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from  
him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you ?

3 *Gent.*

Thomas Cromwell ;

A man in much esteem with the King, and truly  
A worthy friend.—The King

Has made him master of the jewel-house,  
And one, already, of the Privy-Council

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.  
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which  
Is to the Court, there ye shall be my guests :  
Something I can command. As I walk thither,  
I'll tell ye more.

*Both.* You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick ; led between  
GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.*

*Grif.* How does your grace ?

*Kath.* O Griffith, sick to death :  
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,  
Willing to leave their burden : reach a chair :—  
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.  
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st  
me,

That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,  
Was dead ?

*Grif.* Yes, madam ; but, I think, your grace,  
Out of the pain you suffered, gave no ear to't



*Kath.* Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :

If well, he stepped before me, happily,  
For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, madam :  
For after the stout Earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,  
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill  
He could not sit his mule.

*Kath.* Alas, poor man !

*Grif.* At last, with easy roads, he came to  
Leicester ;  
Lodged in the Abbey, where the reverend Abbot,  
With all his convent, honourably received him :  
To whom he gave these words,—‘ O father Abbot,  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;  
Give him a little earth for charity ! ’  
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness  
Pursued him still ; and three nights after this,—  
About the hour of eight, which he himself  
Foretold should be his last,—full of repentance,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

*Kath.* So may he rest : his faults lie gently on him !

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him.  
And yet with charity.—He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking  
Himself with princes ; one that by suggestion  
Tied all the kingdom : simony was fair-play ;  
His own opinion was his law : i' the presence  
He would say untruths, and be ever double,  
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;  
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

*Grif.* Noble madam,  
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues  
We write in water. May it please your highness  
To hear me speak his good now ?

*Kath.* Yes, good Griffith ;  
I were malicious else.

*Grif.* This Cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashioned to much honour from his cradle.  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;  
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading

Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;  
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as  
summer :

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,—  
Which was a sin,—yet in bestowing, madam,  
He was most princely. Ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,  
Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,  
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;  
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him ;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little :  
And, to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

*Kath.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honour from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
With thy religious truth and modesty,  
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him !—  
Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :  
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,

Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[*Sad and solemn Music.*

*Grif.* She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down  
quiet,

For fear we wake her :—softly, gentle Patience.

*The Vision.* Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads Garlands of Bays, and golden visards on their faces ; Branches of Bays, or Palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance ; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare Garland over her head ; at which the other four make reverent curtsies : then, the two that held the Garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the Garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two. who likewise

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

*Grif.* Madam, we are here.

*Kath.* It is not you I call for :

Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

*Grif.* None, madam.

*Kath.* No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed  
troop

Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?  
They promised me eternal happiness,  
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel  
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall,  
Assuredly.

*Grif.* I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams  
Possess your fancy.

*Kath.* Bid the music leave,  
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*

*Pat.* Do you note,  
How much her grace is altered on the sudden ?  
How long her face is drawn ? how pale she looks,  
And of an earthy colour ? Mark her eyes !

*Grif.* She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

*Pat.* Heaven comfort her !

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* An't like your grace,—

*Kath.* You are a saucy fellow :  
Deserve we no more reverence ?

*Grif.* You are to blame,  
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
To use so rude behaviour : go to, kneel.

*Mess.* I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon ;  
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying  
A gentleman, sent from the King to see you.

*Kath.* Admit him entrance, Griffith : but this  
fellow  
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*]

*Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.*

If my sight fail not,  
You should be lord ambassador from the Emperor  
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

*Cap.* Madam, the same, your servant.

*Kath.* O my lord,

The King's request that I would visit you ;  
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me  
Sends you his princely commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

*Kath.* O my good lord, that comfort comes too  
late ;

'Tis like a pardon after execution.  
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me ;  
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.  
How does his highness ?

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

*Kath.* So may he ever do ; and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor  
name

Banished the kingdom !—Patience, is that letter,  
I caused you write, yet sent away ?

*Pat.* No, madam.

[Giving it to KATHARINE.

*Kath.* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the King.

*Cap.* Most willing, madam.

*Kath.* In which I have commended to his good-  
ness

The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—  
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !  
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,—

She is young, and of a noble modest nature ;  
I hope she will deserve well,—and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,  
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity  
Upon my wretched women, that so long  
Have followed both my fortunes faithfully :  
Of which there is not one, I dare avow—  
And now I should not lie—but will deserve,  
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,  
For honesty and decent carriage,  
A right good husband, let him be a noble ;  
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have  
them.

The last is, for my men ; they are the poorest,  
But poverty could never draw them from me ;—  
That they may have their wages duly paid them,  
And something over to remember me by :  
If Heaven had pleased to have given me longer life,  
And able means, we had not parted thus.  
These are the whole contents :—and, good my lord,  
By that you love the dearest in this world,  
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,  
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King  
To do me this last right.



*Cap.* By Heaven, I will,  
Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

*Kath.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember  
me

In all humility unto his highness :  
Say to him, his long trouble now is passing  
Out of this world ; tell him, in death I blessed  
him,

For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,  
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,  
You must not leave me yet : I must to bed ;  
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good  
wench,

Let me be used with honour : strew me over  
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,  
Then lay me forth : although unqueened, yet like  
A Queen, and daughter to a King, inter me.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. A Gallery in the Palace.

*Enter GARDINER, Bishop of WINCHESTER, a Page  
with a torch before him, met by Sir THOMAS  
LOVELL.*

*Gar.* It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

*Boy.* It hath struck.

*Gar.* These should be hours for necessities,  
Not for delights; times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose, and not for us  
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, Sir  
Thomas:

Whither so late?

*Lov.* Came you from the King, my lord?

*Gar.* I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero  
With the Duke of Suffolk.

*Lov.* I must to him too,  
Before he goes to bed. I'll tell him how

Some touch of your late business. Affairs that  
walk—

As they say spirits do—at midnight, have  
In them a wilder nature than the business  
That seeks despatch by day.

*Lov.* My lord, I love you,  
And durst commend a secret to your ear  
Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in  
labour,

They say, in great extremity ; and feared,  
She'll with the labour end.

*Gar.* The fruit she goes with  
I pray for heartily that it may find  
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,  
I wish it grubbed up now.

*Lov.* Methinks, I could  
Cry the Amen; and yet my conscience says  
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

*Gar.* But, sir, sir,—  
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you are a gentleman  
Of mine own way ; I know you wise, religious ;  
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,  
'T will not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,  
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,  
Sleep in their graves.

*Lov.* Now, sir, you speak of two  
The most remarked i' the kingdom. As for Crom-  
well,  
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made Master  
O' the Rolls, and the King's Secretary ; further,  
sir,  
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,  
With which the time will load him. The Arch-  
bishop  
Is the King's hand and tongue ; and who dare  
speak  
One syllable against him ?

*Gar.* Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,  
There are that dare ; and I myself have ventured  
To speak my mind of him : and, indeed, this  
day,—  
Sir, I may tell it you, I think,—I have  
Incensed the lords o' the council, that he is—  
For so I know he is, they know he is—

He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,  
And we must root him out. From your affairs  
I hinder you too long : good night, Sir Thomas.

*Lov.* Many good nights, my lord. I rest your  
servant. [*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*]

*As LOVELL is going out, enter the KING and the  
Duke of SUFFOLK.*

*K. Hen.* Charles, I will play no more to-night :  
My mind's not on't ; you are too hard for me.

*Suf.* Sir, I did never win of you before.

*K. Hen.* But little, Charles ;  
Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.  
Now, Lovell, from the Queen what is the news ?

*Lov.* I could not personally deliver to her  
What you commanded me, but by her woman  
I sent your message ; who returned her thanks  
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your high-  
ness

Most heartily to pray for her.

*K. Hen.* What say'st thou ? Ha !  
To pray for her ? What ! is she crying out !

*Lov.* So said her woman ; and that her suffer-  
ance made

Almost each pang a death.

*K. Hen.* Alas, good lady !

*Suf.* God safely quit her of her burden, and  
With gentle travail, to the gladding of  
Your highness with an heir !

*K. Hen.* 'Tis midnight, Charles :  
Pr'ythee, to bed ; and in thy prayers remember  
The estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone ;  
For I must think of that, which company  
Would not be friendly to.

*Suf.* I wish your highness  
A quiet night, and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

*K. Hen.* Charles, good night.—  
[*Exit SUFFOLK.*]

*Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.*

Well, sir, what follows ?

*Den.* Sir, I have brought my lord the Archbishop,  
As you commanded me.

*K. Hen.* Ha ! Canterbury ?

*Den.* Ay, my good lord.

*K. Hen.* 'Tis true : where is he, Denny ?

*Re-enter DENNY with CRANMER.*

*K. Hen.*

Avoid the gallery.

[*LOVELL seems to stay.*

Ha !—I have said.—Be gone.

What !—

[*Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.*

*Cran.* I am fearful:—wherefore frowns he thus?  
'Tis his aspect of terror: all's not well.

*K. Hen.* How now, my lord? You do desire to  
know

Wherefore I sent for you.

*Cran.*

It is my duty

To attend your highness' pleasure.

*K. Hen.*

'Pray you, arise,

My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;

I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me  
your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,

And am right sorry to repeat what follows.

I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you; which, being con-  
sidered,

Have moved us and our Council, that you shall

This morning come before us; where, I know,

You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,  
But that, till further trial in those charges  
Which will require your answer, you must take  
Your patience to you, and be well contented  
To make your house our Tower: you a brother  
of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
Would come against you.

*Cran.* I humbly thank your highness,  
And am right glad to catch this good occasion  
Most thoroughly to be winnowed, where my chaff  
And corn shall fly asunder; for, I know,  
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,  
Than I myself, poor man.

*K. Hen.* Stand up, good Canterbury:  
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted  
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up:  
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my halidom,  
What manner of man are you? My lord, I looked  
You would have given me your petition, that  
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together  
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard  
you,  
Without indurance, further.

*Cran.* Most dread liege,  
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:



If they shall fail, I with mine enemies  
Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh  
not,  
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
What can be said against me.

*K. Hen.* Know you not  
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole  
world ?

Your enemies  
Are many, and not small ; their practices  
Must bear the same proportion : and not ever  
The justice and the truth o' the question carries  
The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease  
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
To swear against you ? such things have been done.  
You are potently opposed, and with a malice  
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,  
I mean in perjured witness, than your Master,  
Whose minister you are, whiles here He lived  
Upon this naughty earth ? Go to, go to :  
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
And woo your own destruction.

*Cran.* God, and your Majesty,  
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
The trap is laid for me !

*K. Hen.* Be of good cheer ;



Under their blessed wings !

*K. Hen.* Now, by thy looks  
I guess thy message. Is the queen delivered ?  
Say, ay ; and of a boy.

*Old L.* Ay, ay, my liege ;  
And of a lovely boy : the God of heaven  
Both now and ever bless her !—'t is a girl,—  
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen  
Desires your visitation, and to be  
Acquainted with this stranger : 't is as like you,  
As cherry is to cherry.

*K. Hen.* Lovell !

*Re-enter LOVELL.*

*Lov.* Sir.

*K. Hen.* Give her an hundred marks. I'll to  
the Queen. [*Exit.*

*Old L.* An hundred marks ! By this light, I'll  
ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.  
I will have more, or scold it out of him.  
Said I for this, the girl was like to him ?  
I will have more, or else unsay 't ; and now,  
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Lobby before the Council-chamber.

*Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, &c., attending.*

*Cran.* I hope, I am not too late ; and yet the gentleman

That was sent to me from the Council prayed me  
To make great haste. All fast ? what means this ?  
Ho !

Who waits there ?—Sure, you know me ?

*D. Keep.*

Yes, my lord ;

But yet I cannot help you.

*Cran.*

Why ?

*D. Keep.* Your grace must wait till you be  
called for.

*Enter Doctor BUTTS.*

*Cran.*

So.

'Pray Heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For  
certain,

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,—  
God turn their hearts! I never sought their  
malice,—

To quench mine honour: they would shame to  
make me

Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,  
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures  
sures

Must be fulfilled, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the KING and BUTTS, at a window above.*

*Butts.* I'll show your grace the strangest sight—

*K. Hen.* What's that, Butts?

*Butts.* I think your highness saw this many a  
day.

*K. Hen.* Body o' me, where is it?

*Butts.* There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;  
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,  
Pages, and footboys.

*K. Hen.* Ha! 'Tis he, indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had  
thought,

They had parted so much honesty among them —  
At least good manners—as not thus to suffer  
A man of his place, and so near our favour,  
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,  
And at the door too, like a post with packets.  
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery :  
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close ;  
We shall hear more anon. [Exeunt.

The Council-chamber.

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of SUFFOLK,  
Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, Lord  
Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL.  
The Chancellor places himself at the upper end  
of the table on the left hand ; a seat being left  
void above him, as for the Archbishop of  
CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in  
order on each side, CROMWELL at the lower  
end, as Secretary.*

*Chan.* Speak to the business, master Secretary :  
Why are we met in council ?

*Crom.* Please your honours,  
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

*Gar.* Has he had knowledge of it ?

*Crom.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there ?

*D. Keep.* Without, my noble lords ?

*Gar.*

Yes.

*D. Keep.* My lord Archbishop ;  
And has done half an hour, to know your  
pleasures.

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*D. Keep.* Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER approaches the council-table.]

*Chan.* My good lord Archbishop, I am very  
sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold  
That chair stand empty : but we all are men,  
In our own natures frail, and capable  
Of our flesh, few are angels : out of which frailty  
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,  
Have misdeemeaned yourself, and not a little,  
Toward the King first, then his laws, in filling  
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your  
chaplains,—

For so we are informed,—with new opinions,  
Divers and dangerous ; which are heresies,  
And, not reformed, may prove pernicious.

*Gar.* Which reformation must be sudden too,  
My noble lords ; for those that tame wild horses  
Pace them not in their hands to make them  
gentle,

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and  
spur them

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,  
Out of our easiness and childish pity  
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,  
Farewell all physic : and what follows then ?  
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint  
Of the whole state ; as, of late days, our neigh-  
bours,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness,  
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*Cran.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the pro-  
gress

Both of my life and office, I have laboured,  
And with no little study, that my teaching,  
And the strong course of my authority  
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end  
Was ever to do well : nor is there living—  
I speak it with a single heart, my lords—



That, in this case of justice, my accusers,  
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
And freely urge against me.

*Suf.* Nay, my lord,  
That cannot be : you are a counsellor,  
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

*Gar.* My lord, because we have business of more  
moment,  
We will be short with you. 'T is his highness'  
pleasure,  
And our consent, for better trial of you,  
From hence you be committed to the Tower ;  
Where, being but a private man again,  
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,  
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*Cran.* Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank  
you ;  
You are always my good friend : if your will pass,  
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,  
You are so merciful. I see your end :  
'T is my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,  
Become a churchman better than ambition ;  
Win straying souls with modesty again,  
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,  
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience

In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

*Gar.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary ;  
That's the plain truth : your painted gloss dis-  
covers,

To men that understand you, words and weakness.

*Crom.* My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,  
By your good favour, too sharp : men so noble,  
However faulty, yet should find respect  
For what they have been : 't is a cruelty,  
To load a falling man.

*Gar.* Good master Secretary,  
I cry your honour mercy : you may, worst  
Of all this table, say so.

*Crom.* Why, my lord ?

*Gar.* Do not I know you for a favourer  
Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

*Crom.* Not sound ?

*Gar.* Not sound, I say.

*Crom.* 'Would you were half so honest ;

*Gar.*

I have done.

*Crom.*

And I.

*Chan.* Then thus for you, my lord :—it stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith  
You be conveyed to the Tower a prisoner,  
There to remain till the King's further pleasure  
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?

*All.* We are.*Cran.* Is there no other way of mercy,  
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?*Gar.* What other  
Would you expect? You are strangely trouble-  
some.

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

*Enter Guard.**Cran.* For me?  
Must I go like a traitor thither?*Gar.* Receive him,  
And see him safe i' the Tower.*Cran.* Stay, good my lords;  
I have a little yet to say.—Look there, my lords :  
By virtue of that ring I take my cause  
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it  
To a most noble judge, the King my master.

*Chan.* This is the King's ring.

*Sur.* 'T is no counterfeit.

*Suf.* 'T is the right ring, by Heaven ! I told  
ye all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,  
'T would fall upon ourselves.

*Nor.* Do you think, my lords,  
The King will suffer but the little finger  
Of this man to be vexed ?

*Chan.* 'T is now too certain :  
How much more is his life in value with him !  
'Would I were fairly out on 't !

*Crom.* My mind gave me,  
In seeking tales and informations  
Against this man, whose honesty the devil  
And his disciples only envy at,  
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now, have at ye !

*Enter the KING, frowning on them ; he takes his  
seat.*

*Gar.* Dread sovereign, how much are we bound  
to Heaven  
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;  
Not only good and wise, but most religious :  
One that, in all obedience, makes the church  
The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen

That holy duty, out of dear respect,  
His royal self in judgment comes to hear  
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

*K. Hen.* You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not  
To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence;  
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.  
To me you cannot reach. You play the spaniel,  
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;  
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure,  
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—

[*To CRANMER.*] Good man, sit down. Now let me  
see the proudest,

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :  
By all that 's holy, he had better starve  
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

*Sur.* May it please your grace,—

*K. Hen.* No, sir, it does not please me.  
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding

And wisdom of my Council ; but I find none.  
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,  
This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—  
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy  
At chamber-door ? and one as great as you are ?

Why, what a shame was this! Did my com-  
mission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye  
Power, as he was a Councillor to try him,  
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,  
More out of malice than integrity,  
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;  
Which ye shall never have while I live.

*Chan.*

Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace  
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed  
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather—  
If there be faith in men—meant for his trial  
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,  
I'm sure, in me.

*K. Hen.*

Well, well, my lords, respect him;  
Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.  
I will say thus much for him,—if a prince  
May be beholding to a subject, I  
Am, for his love and service, so to him.  
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:  
Be friends, for shame, my lords!—My Lord of  
Canterbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me;  
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,  
You must be god-father, and answer for her.

*Cran.* The greatest monarch now alive may  
glory

In such an honour : how may I deserve it,  
That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

*K. Hen.* Come, come, my lord, you 'd spare your  
spoons. You shall have  
Two noble partners with you ; the old Duchess of  
Norfolk,  
And Lady Marquess Dorset : will these please you ?  
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,  
Embrace, and love this man.

*Gar.* With a true heart,  
And brother-love, I do it.

*Cran.* And let Heaven  
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

*K. Hen.* Good man, those joyful tears show thy  
true heart.  
The common voice, I see, is verified  
Of thee, which says thus, ' Do my Lord of Canter-  
bury

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'—  
Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long  
To have this young one made a Christian.  
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain :  
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—The Palace Yard.

*Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.*

*Port.* You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals. Do you take the Court for Paris-garden? Ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within.*] Good master Porter, I belong to the larder.

*Port.* Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue!—Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen cab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

*Mos.* Pray, sir, be patient: 't is as much impossible,



You see the poor remainder—could distribute,  
I made no spare, sir.

*Port.* You did nothing, sir.

*Man.* I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,

To mow them down before me ; but if I spared any  
That had a head to hit, either young or old,  
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,  
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again ;  
And that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter ?

*Port.* I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

*Man.* What would you have me do ?

*Port.* What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens ? Is this Moorfields to muster in ? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to Court, the women so besiege us ? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door ! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand ; here will be father, god-father, and all together.

*Man.* The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose : all that stand

about him are under the line, they need no other penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me : he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out : Clubs ! when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on ; I made good my place ; at length they came to the broom-staff to me : I defied 'em still ; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work : the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

*Port.* These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples ; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here !  
They grow still, too ; from all parts they are  
coming,  
As if we kept a fair here ! Where are these  
porters,  
These lazy knaves ?—Ye have made a fine hand,  
fellows :

There is a trim rabble let in. Are all these  
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs ? We shall  
have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,  
When they pass back from the christening.

*Port.* An't please your honour,  
We are but men ; and what so many may do,  
Not being torn a pieces, we have done :  
An army cannot rule 'em.

*Cham.* As I live,  
If the King blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all  
By the heels, and suddenly ; and on your heads  
Clap round fines for neglect. Ye are lazy knaves ;  
And here ye lie, baiting of bombards, when  
Ye should do service. Hark ! the trumpet  
sound ;  
They're come already from the christening.

Go, break among the press, and find a way out  
To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find  
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two  
months.

*Port.* Make way there for the princess.

*Man.* You great fellow,  
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

*Port.* You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail ;  
I'll pick you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE IV.—The Palace.

*Enter Trumpets, sounding ; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts ; then, four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of NORFOLK, god-mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady : then follows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other god-mother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

*Gart.* Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send  
prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high  
and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth !

*Flourish. Enter KING and Train.*

*Cran.* [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace and  
the good Queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray :  
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,  
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon ye !

*K. Hen.* Thank you, good lord Archbishop ;  
What is her name ?

*Cran.* Elizabeth.

*K. Hen.* Stand up, lord.—

[*The KING kisses the Child.*]

With this kiss take my blessing : God protect  
thee !

Into whose hand I give thy life.

*Cran.* Amen.

*K. Hen.* My noble gossips, ye have been too  
prodigal.

I thank ye heartily : so shall this lady,  
When she has so much English.

*Cran.* Let me speak, sir,  
For Heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter  
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find 'em truth.  
This royal infant,—Heaven still move about her !—  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises

Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be--  
But few now living can behold that goodness—  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed : Saba was never  
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,  
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces  
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,  
Shall still be doubled on her : Truth shall nurse  
her ;

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :  
She shall be loved, and feared : her own shall bless  
her ;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows  
with her :

In her days every man shall eat in safety,  
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.  
God shall be truly known ; and those about her  
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.  
Nor shall this peace sleep with her : but as when  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
Her ashes new create another heir

As great in admiration as herself :

So shall she leave her blessedness to one,

When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of  
darkness,

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,

Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,

And so stand fixed. Peace, plenty, love, truth,  
terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,

Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him :

Wherever the bright sun of Heaven shall shine,

His honour and the greatness of his name

Shall be, and make new nations : he shall flourish,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches

To all the plains about him. Our children's  
children

Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

*K. Hen.*

Thou speakest wonders.

*Cran.* She shall be, to the happiness of England,

An aged princess ; many days shall see her,

And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

Would I had known no more ! but she must die—

She must, the saints must have her ;—yet a virgin,

A most unspotted lily shall she pass

To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*K. Hen.* O lord Archbishop,

Thou hast made me now a man : never, before  
This happy child, did I get anything.  
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,  
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire  
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.  
I thank ye all. To you, my good Lord Mayor,  
And your good brethren, I am much beholding :  
I have received much honour by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way,  
                  lords :

Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,  
She will be sick else. This day, no man think  
'Has business at his house, for all shall stay :  
This little one shall make it holiday.

[*Exeunt.*

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## EPILOGUE.

'T is ten to one, this play can never please  
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,  
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,  
We have frighted with our trumpets ; so, 't is  
                  clear,  
They 'll say, 't is naught : others, to hear the city  
Abused extremely, and to cry,—' That 's witty ! '



Which we have not done neither ; that, I fear,  
All the expected good we're like to hear  
For this play, at this time, is only in  
The merciful construction of good women ;  
For such a one we showed 'em. If they smile,  
And say, 't will do, I know, within a while  
All the best men are ours ; for 't is ill hap,  
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.







